"What Train Will Come?" *Verse by William Jay Smith*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts — January 24, 1970, 50 cents

Nixon's First Year

Tom Wicker

Middle East Commando Revolution
Knowing What You're Buying
Do the British Want to Join Europe?
Better, Cheaper Health Care
How Much for Anti-Pollution?
The US and Israel

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Fifty years ago our nation was half rural, half urban. Now 70 percent of our people are crammed on to just one percent of our land.

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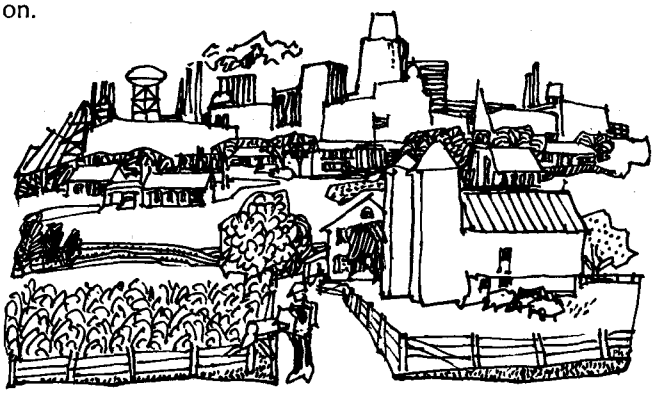
We must decide if we want to go on piling more and more people into small amounts of space . . . or if we want to provide a better balance of opportunity . . . creating more jobs and building community facilities where millions want to live, work and play . . . in the countryside.



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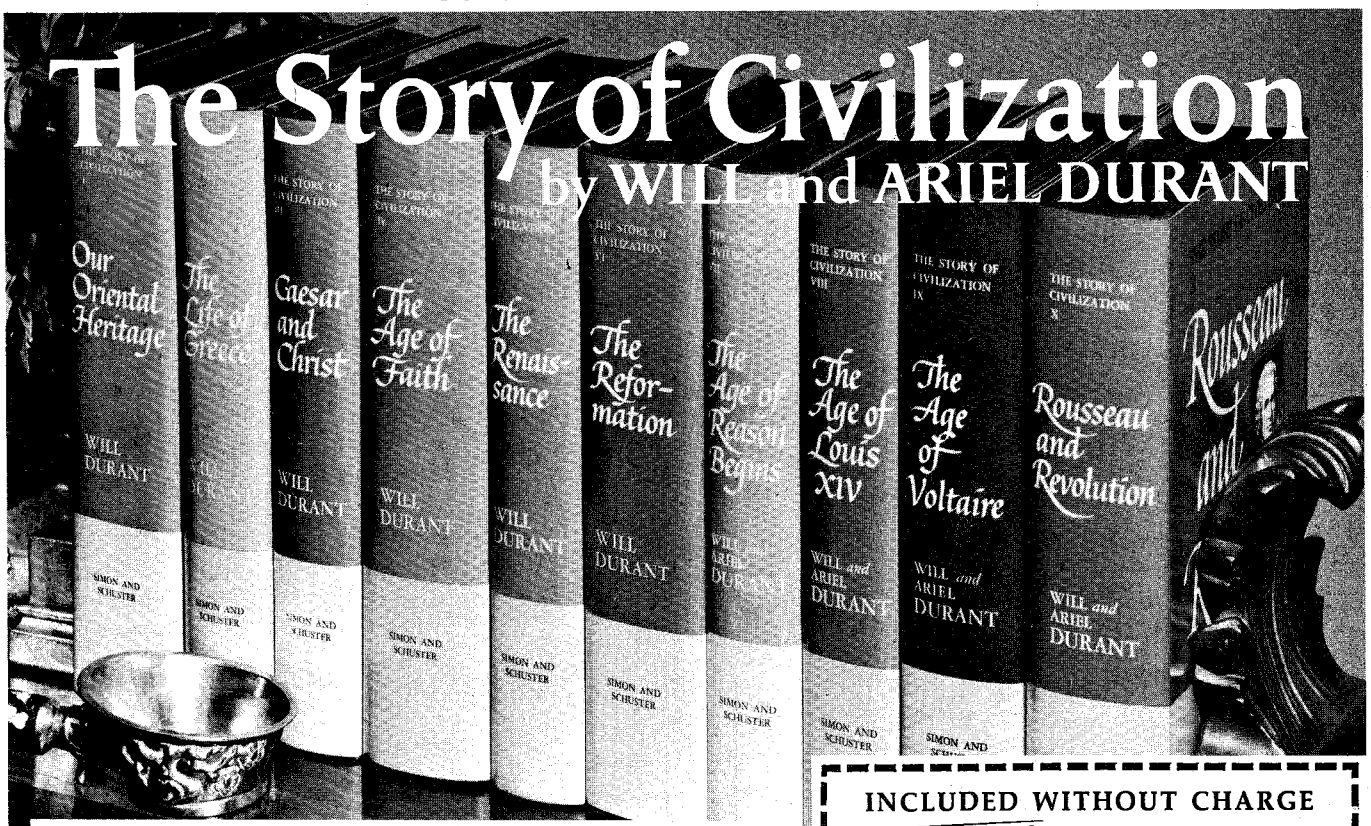

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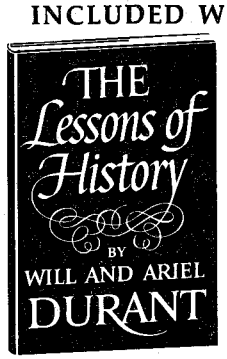

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Looking Inward

The fact is, we are overcommitted and overextended around the world (and in outer space, too), and we are pulling back a bit. Nobody knows how far back the pendulum will swing. You can sense it everywhere in Washington. It is one of the features of Mr. Nixon's first year. Milton Eisenhower's Commission on Violence has just solemnly warned us that America's peril lies as much at home as abroad. This may be the text for a shift of emphasis, from outward-looking to inward-looking, that will send echoes round the world for a decade.

We are pulling back troops from Vietnam, we are cutting back money for the space agency, we are, alas, cutting down foreign aid to a point below anything we have witnessed before and that can only widen the dangerous gap between the have and have-not nations. At Guam, Mr. Nixon told the countries of Asia that he loved them and would help them, but that he wouldn't supply them with combat troops. And for all of Mr. Agnew's masterful obfuscation of this issue on his travels the policy still stands. In Europe, the US has 300,000 troops, and it will be remarkable if some of these aren't withdrawn before long. Congress feels the mood and is looking harder at fantastic defense appropriations, and at all those fuzzy blank-check resolutions that it passed and that authorize the White House to go ahead with little wars here and there, Laos, Cambodia, and so forth.

Is this isolationism? We think it springs mostly from Vietnam. Doves warned against such a backlash from the start. The nation is sick and tired of the cost in dollars and lives of this unhappy adventure. But no, we don't think it will turn into old-fashioned, head-in-the-sand isolation of the sort we had in the twenties. We are too much aware of Communism for that, and the threat of nuclear weapons. Rather, we think, it is a revulsion from having got out too far in an inappropriate foreign adventure, and the determination to be more selective in future. It is coupled with sudden realization that while we have been carrying the hose to put out the fire across the street our own house is smoldering from attic to basement.

This is one of several trends we see in Mr. Nixon's first year of office. When he stood that gray Inaugural day a year ago under the great dome of the Capitol that dwarfs all men, he asked us to lower our voices and promised to try to bring us together again. It sounded fine. And straightway Spiro Agnew had coupled antiwar demonstrators with "an effete corps of impudent snobs" and raised the old George Wallace war cry against intellectuals and the Eastern press! What is this Nixon Administration, anyway? After a year we still do not really know. There is Mitchell, and then again, there is Finch. There is the pullback on civil rights, and there is the extraordinary Family Assistance Program, which is a beginning of Federal income maintenance.

A week before Mr. Nixon's State of the Union address we began to hear reports that it would be "inspirational." And, indeed, we could see the place for such an effort. Mr. Nixon, we feel, is trying. But it is a management Administration with qualities of the corporate structure. It has made a virtue of aiming low so that it can claim victory for any slight improvement that it gets. It's real tests, we think, lie ahead. The big problems are unsolved; the anti-inflation fight hasn't gone according to plan; the racial issue isn't changed; the cities are a year worse off. The process of Vietnamization may bring US troops home but it is hardly going to make peace for the North or for the South.

Furthermore, there are intangibles: can the Administration talk to suspicious blacks, to anxious idealists, to groping youngsters? America's problem is not between liberals and conservatives but between those who think the system will work, and those who don't. What the public would like from the White House, above all else, is a touch of moral grandeur. Mr. Nixon is not a charismatic figure and no fault of his; but can he evoke a spark, a sense of inspiration, not merely in a speech but in his works and deeds?

The Sapless Branch

Tall, gaunt Speaker McCormack, dressed in black, like a funeral director, is one of those men who waited too long to retire. He is 78 and has what looks like a Bobby Baker-type scandal on his hands. One would sympathize except that he symbolizes what's wrong with Congress – the weakest element of our government, the sapless branch. As George Galloway, historian of the House of Representatives wrote in 1961: "A telephone call from a Senator or Congressman can paralyze the will of a government executive and alter the course of national policy."

Some months ago McCormack suspended his veteran assistant because he had allegedly been making telephone calls to executive departments all over Washington, using his boss's name and working with a lobbyist-friend who apparently collected fat fees. A New York grand jury's indictment makes this look like a classic case of influence-peddling.

Just the other day John W. Gardner, chairman of the Urban Coalition Action Council, angrily noted that Congress, in 1958, required the chief judges of federal circuit and district courts to quit their administrative duties when they reached 70. Why doesn't Congress apply the same rule to itself?

"The Speaker of the House is 78. Thirteen Senate and House committee chairmen are over 70. Six of them over 75. Two over 80," said Gardner. "They are full of years and honors. They can serve their country best by stepping aside."

Always Congress applies rules to others it will not accept itself. There was a tentative revolt against McCormack a year ago among Democratic House members but it brought only 58 votes. There will be more votes next January when he runs again. The seniority-senility system of picking committee chairmen aids the McCormack establishment and incidentally gives nine of the 21 chairmanships to the South. Nobody doubts the aged Speaker did not know what was apparently going on under his nose. But this is hardly a job recommendation.

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The US And Israel

"We don't want anybody to come and fight our battles but we have the right to demand that we not stand empty-handed against better and better tanks, planes and cannons." That statement was made by Golda Meir, the prime minister of Israel. Influential Americans, Hubert Humphrey and Senator Jacob Javits among them, have since hit out at Secretary of State William P. Rogers for alleged hard-heartedness toward the Jewish state. It is said that Rogers, and presumably therefore the Nixon Administration, have swung to the Arab side in the Middle East feud, under the guise of being "even handed." Whether the Administration is being "even handed" or not, Mrs. Golda Meir isn't "empty-handed." The United States is delivering to Israel Phantom F-4 fighter-bombers, which are better than the Mirage war planes the French government proposes selling to Libya, over strenuous Israeli objection.

The question to be put is this: Can any satisfactory security for Israel come from endless US sales of arms, while the Russians go on arming Egypt and Syria, and while arms are also being peddled to the Arab countries and to Israel by other suppliers? The Johnson Administration did not think so, and neither does President Nixon. What is being sought by the Administration, so far quite unsuccessfully, is some sort of framework for a more stable accommodation between Israel and the Arab countries – and also perhaps between Israel and the Palestinian refugees. That search, Secretary Rogers insisted in December, doesn't require laying down precise terms of a settlement; the parties, he said, have to work that out themselves, since "they must live with the results." The UN Security Council resolution of November 1967 evisaged a peace based on Israeli withdrawal from territory occupied since the June 1967 war, but accompanied by satisfactory assurances of Israel's territorial integrity, including Arab acceptance of a binding agreement. Nobody, however, has come up with a workable, that is to say mutually acceptable, peace plan as distinct from pious aspirations to which almost everyone can and does assent. As a result of eight months of talks with the Russians last year, the Administration seemed to think the time was approaching when Arabs and Israelis might at least assemble their representatives in one spot, as happened in 1949 on the island of Rhodes, and begin trying to hammer out some possible settlement, with Ambassador

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Gunnar Jarring in the 1949 role of Ralph Bunche, representing the United Nations and acting as a sort of combined chairman and go-between. Acting on this optimistic assumption, Secretary Rogers threw out some public hints about the kind of agreement the Administration hoped to see. His speech of December 9 was hailed by Senator Fulbright as an "extremely well balanced and sensible approach in the interests of the United States and of peace." Yet it drew the angry fire of Humphrey, Javits and Mrs. Meir. More shattering to Rogers' initiative, it was also attacked by Nasser and Soviet spokesmen. It was "suspicious," said Nasser, and the Russians on December 23 officially rejected the Rhodes formula, which Rogers thought had won their acceptance. The relatively new and untried Secretary of State was in the embarrassing situation of appearing naive and having the rug yanked from under him by Moscow. And to those tribulations, his domestic critics in effect added the charge of duplicity. Hubert Humphrey claims that the State Department consulted both the Russians and the Arabs before revealing its intentions to Israel, that the Department subsequently tipped its hand to Jordan and that in conversation with the Israeli foreign minister, Abba Eban, Rogers lied in saying he hadn't.

Possibly Rogers and his assistants were naive, or could have been more even-handed in discussions with the various parties. But the more basic question is whether the proposals he made *are* balanced and sensible and in American interests and those of peace, as Senator Fulbright contends, or whether they are shockingly one-sided, anti-Israel and put forward under pressure from American oil and banking interests, as Humphrey alleges.

Rogers on December 9 referred in quite general terms to Administration policy on refugees, boundaries and the status of Jerusalem. On refugees, he declared that the United States is "prepared to contribute generously along with others to solve this problem." (In fact, the US has borne most of the cost of the upkeep of Arab refugees for the past 20 years.) Our policy on boundaries, Rogers explained, is that "any changes in the pre-existing lines [i.e., before June 1967] . . . should be confined to insubstantial alterations required for mutual security." He proposed that Israel and Jordan cooperate to make Jerusalem a unified city, with open access for all faiths and nationalities. The Secretary had no takers. Israel firmly rejected the proposals; Egypt interpreted his boundary suggestion as an infringement of its sovereignty; Russia dissented.

Despite the furor the Rogers speech caused, it would be difficult to maintain that he proposed anything very new. There is nothing novel in suggesting that a way must be found to resolve the future of Palestinian refugees, or that Israel hand back most of the territory that was occupied in the 1967 war, but with certain alterations of the old borders for Israel's security, perhaps including retention of the Golan Heights captured from Syria, which though now a member of the UN Security Council has steadfastly refused to accept the UN's 1967 resolution. The proposal on Jerusalem has been heard often enough: the city ought to be unified and treated as a sacred trust, for all peoples and all religious faiths. Nevertheless, it isn't surprising that the Secretary's ideas were repudiated. That also is an old story. The Middle East stays about the same, and always lacks the same thing – some counter-proposal by one of the parties that the other will conceivably consent to consider.

The probabilities are that the Nixon Administration will continue to affirm the legitimacy of the state of Israel and the necessity of its survival; that it will supply it with arms, reluctantly and without believing that the deliveries will bring peace any nearer; and that it will persist in seeking some common ground for accommodation, without expecting much to come of it. Meanwhile, the fighting goes on, with Israel on the whole having much the best of it, despite mounting guerrilla activties from Lebanon as well as Jordan. The Russians will play their complicated (and very expensive) game, giving the appearance of wholeheartedly siding with the Arabs, while cannily stopping short of an involvement that would escalate the Middle East conflict into a confrontation between Russia and the United States.

In these circumstances, Israel is plainly going to be dependent on this country for the assistance it will need to defend itself. Who else will supply the arms that Israel is in no position to pay for? The continuing war has the little country on a financial rack; it already has a large payments deficit; there has been talk of requesting a US loan of $2 – $3 billion over the next five years. Such a request would put Washington in a most difficult bind, if the Israeli government were simultaneously hurtling charges of bad faith and appeasement of Russia at the Secretary of State. Senator Javits is outspokenly pro-Israel and has no illusions about the Soviet Union, which he says "obviously intends to play a strictly opportunistic, irresponsible and power-grabbing role in the Middle East." But last week the New York Senator was in Israel, and in spite of his own strictures on Rogers he was trying to quiet what he felt was "disproportionate" alarm there about American intentions. Long-term commitments to Israel, he said, are more firmly established than some Israeli critics are prepared to recognize. He is right, and for promptings deeper than memories of Auschwitz. No foreign state or people has an absolute claim on American resources or sympathies. But among competing claimants today, the Israelis rank high, not because of any "Jewish vote," or Communist intrigue among the Arabs, but because Israel cannot live apart from us, and we would not want it to.

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How Much, How Soon For Anti-Pollution?

Anti-pollution is the fashion. What we need to know is how much money the Administration (and the corporations) will invest in it. A little known – and little-funded – Interior Department agency, the Office of Coal Research (OCR), has in its files data on a half dozen or more techniques that promise to eliminate major environmental pollution. But OCR has never got more than $12 million and until recently no one in Interior or the White House has been disposed to ask for more. OCR's technologies remain undeveloped.

Take magnetohydrodynamics. MHD is a way of converting coal and other fossil fuels to electricity almost directly, without intervening boilers, turbines or generators. It is about 50 percent more efficient than conventional coal-fired generating plants – which, in turn, are about 50 percent more efficient than nuclear plants. MHD would significantly reduce the "thermal pollution" created by most present power generation (with the exception of hydroelectric plants, which make up only a small percentage of the total and which sometimes create their own kind of environmental damage). Thermal pollution is the heating of water in streams, lakes or the ocean, often with severe detriment to the balance of life.

MHD also offers great promise for reducing air pollution. Because it is more efficient, it burns less fuel per kilowatt hour than other power-generating techniques; you get less pollution from producing the same amount of power. The fuel for MHD must be "seeded"; that is, an ionizable substance must be added to it to make hot gases electrically conductive. The seed must be removed from the leftover gases, a necessity which becomes a virtue because pollutants can be removed at the same time.

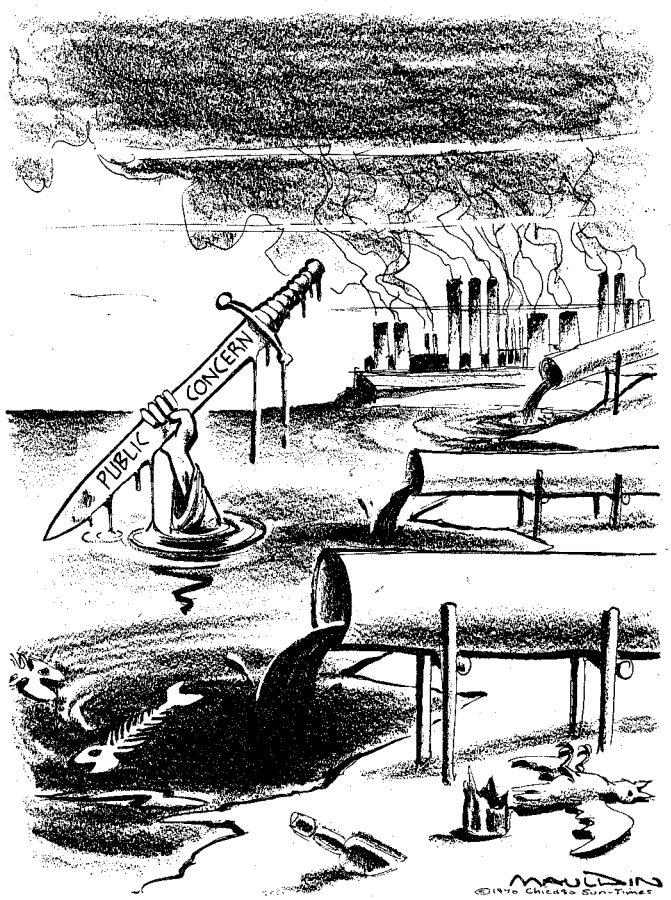
A major source of air pollution – second only to automobiles – is the fuel-burning industrial installations, primarily power plants. Almost without exception, they give off sulfur oxide, and a fine, abrasive ash. Although the sulfur oxides or the particles alone *may* not be harmful to health (there's no conclusive evidence), in combination they are highly destructive to lung tissue, according to HEW's National Center for Air Pollution Control. Sulfur oxides, alone, are harmful to plant life. (The acrid sulfur oxides produce the foul taste in your mouth in highly air polluted areas.) HEW under the Air Pollution Control Act, has set "criteria" for the amounts of these two pollutants that can be emitted from industrial plants. But the criteria, applied by state and local governments, are flexible enough to "meet local needs." HEW's enforcement powers are minimal; the amount of money available here is in inverse proportion to the enormity of the problem.

But the criteria *plus* the techniques now in OCR's files could get the job done, if the technologies can be turned into commercial hardware. Then, instead of depending for clean air on corporate willingness to obey the law (and the willingness of state and local government to enforce it) the corporations might find it in their interest to adopt the new technologies voluntarily, because of their greater efficiencies.

MHD is not the only technique OCR has in mind. A process for dissolving raw coal in anthracene solvent, which would carry off all the potentially polluting materials, is another. The leftover would be almost pure carbon – in a form that could be extruded, ground, melted, or handled in numerous other ways. Diesel-electric locomotives and perhaps diesel trucks could burn this clean substance. But once again, the potential would be greatest for power production, especially in congested urban areas such as New York City.

There are several ways, some pioneered by OCR and others by Interior's Bureau of Mines, to convert coal into producer or pipeline gas. If coal can be converted to pure methane – or pure hydrogen or pure carbon monoxide – leaving the pollutants behind in the coal residue, then the gas can be burned with little harm to the environment, in almost any kind of fuel-burning installation and with minimal conversion costs.

The Russians plan to have a part-MHD, part-conventional, plant in commercial operation in 1970; the Japanese are also advancing rapidly in this technology.



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The President's Office of Science and Technology last June recommended a full-scale MHD research program, as did the Interior Department's own Energy Policy Staff a year earlier. Support for MHD in the scientific community is almost unanimous. Yet, not a penny for MHD was left by the Budget Bureau in OCR's fiscal 1970 budget request. Efforts by Montana Senators Lee Metcalf and Mike Mansfield to get money for MHD into the 1970 Interior appropriations bill failed. The 1971 budget OCR submitted to Interior officials included a miserly $400,000 for MHD, which was then entirely eliminated by a budget officer. The two Montana Senators asked that the money be reinstated. And last month, the Minerals, Materials and Fuels subcommittee of the Senate Interior Committee, chaired by Senator Moss of Utah, held hearings on MHD, at which scientists gave the new technology strong endorsement. So now the Interior Budget, as it goes to the Budget Bureau, will contain "somewhat more than" the $400,000 earlier asked, though less than the $2-million suggested by OST.

Meanwhile, with electrical needs doubling every 10 years, the electric utility industry has indicated through the Edison Electric Institute that it will make some contribution to MHD, at least for research into "peaking" or emergency plants. HEW and the Atomic Energy Commission may also ante up some funds. Meyer Steinberg, a scientist with AEC's Brookhaven National Laboratory, has suggested that giant MHD plants burning coal be built at mine-mouth in thinly populated Western coal states (including Utah and Montana), the power produced to be transmitted to population centers via "superconductors" or other ultramodern "electrical superhighways." It is possible that AEC is motivated by its awareness that nuclear plants are a serious contributor to environmental damage through thermal pollution and difficult-to-dispose-of radioactive wastes. Or the well-funded AEC ($2 billion since World War II to develop nuclear power) may see MHD as a technique applicable to nuclear fuels. AEC's entry could make MHD go, if the President gets solidly behind environmental quality.

Of course, technology alone won't keep our environment clean. Scientists are coming to regard the formerly innocuous carbon dioxide as a pollutant, at least in urban "microenvironments." In these areas, higher levels of CO_2 will soon begin to cause rotting of the mortar in urban buildings. Burning fossil fuel *always* creates carbon dioxide, and the final solution to the CO_2 problem will have to be reduced burning of fuels. Moving industrial plants into thinly populated areas would help. But what would help more is fewer people and a lower per capita rate of consumption, including fewer automobiles or prohibitively high tolls for their admission into urban areas.

Richard H. Gilluly

Do the British Want To Join Europe?

London

On New Year's Day the flagship newspaper of Lord Thomson's British-based press empire carried a strange headline: "*The Times*," it proclaimed, "is a European newspaper." Alongside, with the aid of maps and charts, it set out to prove its case. London, it emerged, was in reality nearer to Brussels, Paris and Amsterdam than it was to Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Four or five years ago this kind of elementary geography lesson would have been enough to set pro-European enthusiasm alight. But in the cold light of the 1970s it looks as if it will need far more than juvenile gimmicks of this sort to revive the British public's flagging interest in the cause of European economic unity. Joining Europe ought to be *the* issue: but somehow the heart has gone out of the debate. At a moment when membership in the Common Market for the first time looks a real possibility, only 36 percent of Britons favor the idea while nonetheless nearly 60 percent (with a resigned shrug) expect it to happen.

Why has this mood of indifference set in? At the beginning of the '60s, when Britain made its first formal application to be permitted to sign the Treaty of Rome, Europe was the new fashionable cause. Pressure groups for and against sprang up all over the place, rival pamphlets poured from the presses, even the normally staid delegates to the Conservative Party's annual conference were persuaded to pin on their jackets badges bearing the simple legend "Yes."

The very intensity of these earlier feelings is perhaps part of the explanation for today's mood of boredom. Ardor once cooled is difficult to revive. Twice in the '60s successive British governments tried to ring the Common Market doorbell. In each case they were directed to the servants' entrance while the masters and mistresses of the house decided not so much whether the British should be allowed to enter as whether it was even worth opening the door to hear what they had to say. It is not so very surprising that a proud people becomes not so much shy as fed up with the whole game.

Yet both the government party and the opposition in Britain are still firmly committed to try to negotiate entry into the EEC. The timetable laid down at The Hague last month by the present six Common Market members envisages a start to negotiations by – at the latest – the middle of this year. Mr. Heath, the Conservative leader, has already said that he expects these negotiations to be very long and protracted: in his mind Britain cannot expect actually to get into the Community before 1973 or even 1974.

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The Prime Minister – who, of course, has more at stake electorally – seems, on the other hand, to anticipate a much swifter process: while he can hardly hope for British entry to be accomplished by the time (May 1971) he has to call an election, he may well be banking on the fact that the bargaining by then will be well enough advanced for him to appeal to the country not to undermine delicate negotiations already within striking distance of success.

But what kind of success – even in domestic political terms – would acceptance of British entry by the Six amount to? Among Mr. Wilson's own Ministers there are former ardent Europeans who have now convinced themselves that entry into what has become in effect no more than a Customs Union would carry too high a price tag for the British economy. One estimate – said to emanate from the British Ministry of Agriculture – has it that the cost to Britain would be to add a £500 million deficit overnight to the nation's balance-of-payments account. Even more frightening – at least to the electorally-minded in the Labour Party – is the impact that British membership would have on the housewife's shopping-basket. Even the Confederation of British Industries – in a report published at the end of last year recommending British entry – did not seek to disguise that membership would inevitably involve an increase of 3½ to 6 percent in the cost of living (mainly accounted for by food prices).

Ironically, it is precisely these adverse economic effects that provide Mr. Wilson with his opportunity. The last time the Common Market was seriously debated in Britain – when Harold Macmillan tried to negotiate entry in the early 1960s – the whole government case was presented purely in economic terms. Even Macmillan himself, a dedicated and consistent "European" throughout his career, found it tactically advantageous to insist that all fears and anxieties about possible infringements of sovereignty, the power of supra-national institutions or even political union were totally groundless: the Community was simply an economic arrangement and nothing more. The only people to raise the political arguments were the right-wing opponents in Macmillan's own party who tried to make the national flesh creep with dark warnings about the future position of the Queen and even (hilariously) of the Church of England.

A great deal has changed since then. In 1962 even the then leader of the Labour Party, Hugh Gaitskell, made the lynch-pin of his case against British entry the historic debt and and the continuing bond that the country owed to the Commonwealth. Today, the Commonwealth is an institution to which no one bothers to make even the most limited form of obeisance. And not only the old "imperial" myth has gone. So also has the long-treasured idea of Britain being "the honest broker" between East and West. As late as 1964 it was possible for Sir Alec Douglas-Home, Macmillan's successor as Prime Minister, to talk publicly of Britain as if she were the third major world power with her own "ticket to the top table": any politician who tried using that sort of language today would very rapidly find himself laughed out of court. Nor does anyone any longer dare to uphold the old sacred cause of the "special relationship" with the United States: whatever there ever was to that died long ago – strangled by Pentagon and State Department resentment at Britain's failure to participate in the struggle for "freedom" in Vietnam. The plain truth is that of the three "concentric circles" of British interest that Winston Churchill used to love to talk about – the Commonwealth, America and Europe – only the last is left.

Most leading Ministers in Mr. Wilson's government privately recognize this, but whether they will be prepared publicly to argue for it is another question. Will they in the next few months be prepared to convert the whole question of Britain's application to join the Community from a dry-as-dust economic issue into a real live political one? The omens at the moment do not seem wholly favorable – if only because the Prime Minister himself is still insisting on talking in aggressively nationalistic terms ("We no longer face the challenge of Europe cap in hand" . . . "Europe needs us just as much as we need Europe").

Sooner or later, however, the electoral imperative seems bound to prevail. Once the negotiations have started in Brussels, Mr. Wilson will need to do something to make them seem important and exciting to a so far bored public. With very little mileage in any of the economic arguments, the political option looks far and away his best bet. If he decides eventually to take it up, the repercussions should stretch well beyond the shores of Britain: the cry of "political unity," once raised, will not easily be snuffed out.

Anthony Howard

Commando Revolution

A Hundred Years War In the Middle East?

Amman, Jordan

You quickly get the feeling that the Palestinians run things here. Fatah commandos outfitted with mottled green camouflage uniforms and AK-47 assault rifles patrol Amman's streets like an occupying army. American tourists at the best hotels are approached by guerrillas who demand contributions to the cause; US

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diplomats and Jordanian government officials occasionally must haggle their way through commando roadblocks on highways outside the city.

In the face of growing commando pressures, King Hussein must soon recover the Israeli-occupied West Bank of Jordan or see the last vestiges of his authority disappear. The West Bank is crucial to Jordan's economy; it accounted for 40 percent of the country's prewar GNP. American pilgrims, who bought Lazarus' tomb souvenirs and other local handicrafts, made the West Bank a goldmine of tourism. But the loss of revenues (partly offset by subsidies from Saudi Arabia and Kuwait) is of less importance than another effect of the continued West Bank occupation: it has made Hussein look like an ineffectual leader to his countrymen, who are turning to the Palestinian commandos. The King bends like a willow to commando demands. He has threatened to accept military aid from Soviet bloc countries – a ploy designed to please the anti-American commandos and at the same time cause the US to pressure Israel to withdraw from the West Bank. He recently permitted Russia, for the first time, to add a military attaché to the Soviet Embassy's Amman staff.

Though no one is saying so publicly, the recent US peace proposals were tailored with the idea of heading off the commandos before they become unstoppable. An early Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank, US strategists believe, would give Hussein another chance to reassert control. If the Israelis withdrew, Hussein would probably decentralize his government to give West Bank Palestinians almost complete autonomy. Then everyone would live, if not placidly, at least in a state of manageable instability. Or so it is said. Foreign press reports to the contrary notwithstanding, Jordanian officials claim they can handle the commandos after a suitable settlement is reached with Israel. Jails have been expanded in anticipation of heavy business; the biggest building under construction in Jordan will house the king's CIA. A foreign ministry official vows: "We will do anything to maintain this regime, even if we have to knock off the heads of every commando." But Jordan's army, which presumably would do the knocking, is redolent of musty British surplus and has considerably less revolutionary sex appeal than the commandos. In a fight the guerrillas could count on many of Hussein's fellow Bedouins. And of course the commandos are backed by the country's Palestinian refugees, who outnumber the Bedouins. Most observers believe the commandos would send Hussein packing.

The Israelis have their own controversial methods for handling the commandos. Their most criticized tactic is the destruction of homes used by Arab guerrillas. Mr. Aref El Aref, 78, a respected Arab historian, keeps a daily log of what he calls Israeli wrongs. He reports that they have destroyed 7300 Arab homes since the occupation began – the majority of them in the month following the June 1967 cease-fire. "We know world opinion is against us demolishing Arab homes," says Jerusalem city councilman Meron Benvenisti, "but we believe it's one of the most effective measures to discourage the commandos." Mr. Benvenisti, who is in charge of East Jerusalem affairs, told me that Israel will "pay the cost in public opinion" rather than stop the reprisals. Western observers accuse the Israelis of often being too quick on the dynamite plunger. (But not in the holy city, where suspect Arab homes are bulldozed over or disassembled by hand.) The reprisals, they say, have the same effect on the Arabs as US bombing had on North Vietnam.

Other occupation tactics may bolster commando support. The tax levied on Arab farmers to discourage competition with Israeli farmers, for example. Or the tight curfews, called "neighborhood" punishment, clamped on villages for weeks without letup when anti-Israeli incidents occur. The Israelis have banished 90 top Arab leaders to the East bank for "fomenting trouble," and they hold another 6000 Arabs in scattered prisons. Only 5000 of the 70,000 Palestinians who fled to the West Bank during the war have been allowed to return; hundreds of homes stand empty outside Jericho near the Dead Sea. Despite tight restrictions on the West Bank, the Israelis permit trade to continue between the two sections of Jordan. Commandos, if they're careful enough, can use the loophole to maintain liaison across the Jordan River. I recently crossed from the East Bank to Jerusalem through the Allenby Bridge checkpoint. A Jordanian businessman, my chance companion, smuggled $40,000 through Israeli customs. He and Arab friends later split the money and celebrated over a bottle of Johnnie Walker at a Jerusalem hotel. "The Israelis aren't too bad to work with," said one of them, "if they trust you."

The only apparent threat to the commandos' continuing growth is that traditional Arab enemy – chaotic disorganization. Before the Six-Day War they were a ragtag band of bumblers supported mostly by Nasser. The major commando organization in those days was the Palestine Liberation Organization. But the PLO, like Nasser, proved better at talking than fighting; its dull performance during the 1967 war earned it the scorn of other Arabs. Al Fatah, on the other hand, quietly nurtured its underground roots and emerged from the June war with an enhanced reputation. Fatah (Arab acronym for Palestine Liberation Movement) quickly took the lead. The PLO sponsored a Cairo convocation in July 1968 to unite the commando groups that proliferated like thistles after the war. Fatah, with the most muscle, dominated the meeting. Then last year Fatah's Yassir Arafat was elected chairman of the united PLO's 11-man executive committee and head of the PLO's military department.

Yassir Arafat has proved to be a surprisingly canny politician. He engineers commando military operations while walking a tightrope between Arab conservatives

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– who control the purse strings – and young radicals. He has solicited enough money from oil-rich Arabs to pay hard cash for guns from Eastern Europe. Recently the commandos added several new Land Rovers to their small "transportation corps" of commandeered city taxis. They have also acquired rather sophisticated weaponry for guerrillas, including communist-made 57-mm anti-aircraft guns. Three commando "armies" are being organized to launch hit-and-run attacks on Israel from the borders of Jordan, Syria and Lebanon. Each army will be commanded by a colonel who reports to Arafat's general staff.

But for all their accomplishments, the commandos have a long way to go before they become a serious military threat to Israel. The PLO is so far little more than a holding company for the half-dozen or so different guerrilla groups. Fatah and the old PLO continue to operate as separate organizations (both have headquarters near the US Embassy in Amman). Plagued by the simplest problems of coordination, they have yet to map out an overall plan for their campaign against Israel. The Marxist-oriented Popular Forces for the Liberation of Palestine, which refuses on grounds of conflicting strategy and ideology to work within the PLO framework, has come closest to devising an effective battle plan. The PFLP aims to cripple Israel by attacking its economic infrastructure at home and abroad. Most terrorist raids on Israel's airline offices in Europe have been carried out by PFLP commandos. The Marxist group has a growing following among the more educated Palestinians. An increasing number of students from the American University in Beirut sign up for commando training during summer vacations. The PFLP, however, spends much of its time quibbling over ideology.

Palestinian leaders contend that the commandos' organizational problems are simply growing pains. They envision a totally different movement for the future. Yassir Arafat will go. He fulfills an important function at this stage of the revolution, they explain, because Arab governments trust him to a certain extent. But he's no Che Guevara. The commandos say their revolution will take on a deepening leftist coloration. More anti-Americanism, if that's possible. Publicly, commando leaders declare themselves interested only in recovering their homeland; privately, they speak of grander designs: sweeping out certain Middle East regimes and replacing them with more progressive governments. Their political clout may become considerable. They have fired a sense of nationhood among the 1.5 million refugees now in Arab countries as a result of the 1948 partition of Palestine. They are probably the most attractive of all Arab peoples. As an American official here likes to put it, the Palestinians are a mirror image of American Jews: industrious and anxious to get an education. Those assimilated in other countries after their diaspora now dominate many areas of Arab life. Israel will surely face increased international pressure to make amends to the hundreds of thousands of refugees still in camps.

US Mideast proposals call for Israel to readmit the Palestinians who want to return. The Israelis believe that to do so would be like embracing their assassins. But unless concessions are made to the Palestinians, the commandos may grow into a government-in-exile movement supported by the Soviet bloc and perhaps other countries. Then a settlement would require, at very least, the recarving of Mideast borders to form a new Palestine state. Commando leaders would settle for no less. Conversations with them left me with the feeling that UN Secretary U Thant's pessimism is well justified. So did a stroll through West Jerusalem's Zion Square, where on Saturday nights young Israeli soldiers cradle their miniskirted girlfriends in one arm, submachine guns in the other. A hundred years' war sounds about right.

Zalin B. Grant

Knowing What You're Buying

Safeway Stores Incorporated, the second largest food chain, and the third largest merchandizing company in the country, is experimenting in four of its Washington, DC area stores with helping food shoppers get the best buys. Since late September Safeway has had one of its ghetto stores install slide-rules on its shopping carts. The little cards are used for dividing ounces into total price in order to arrive at the cost per ounce of a food item. This "unit price" can be used by the shopper to compare the cost of one brand or package size with another. Two hostesses in the store assist customers with the "computers" and observe how the

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service works. Last week, Safeway brought in a research psychologist to evaluate the project. But pending his report, preliminary observations are negative. Shoppers tend to use the computer cards once or a few times before tiring of them. Some shoppers say they are unable to master them. The basic calculation is rather simple, but repeated for every item in a shopping cart, it becomes tedious.

A more promising scheme is being tried in two other Safeways – one in a poor Washington neighborhood, the other in nearby Alexandria. In these stores the company has calculated the unit prices of 4000 items and put up shelf tags showing at a glance exactly how much an item costs per pound (dry measure) or per pint (for liquids). For most items unit pricing seems to confirm that the largest sizes are cheapest, and the products with the store's private label are cheaper than brand name goods. Maxim freeze-dried coffee, for instance, comes in 2 oz., 4 oz. and 8 oz. jars, selling last weekend for $.65, $.99 and $1.85. The shelf tags show that the cost of the smallest jar on a per pound rate is $5.20; the largest $3.70. Chicken broth was available in 14.5 oz. cans (Banquet) at two cans for $.35 or in 10.5 oz. cans (Campbell's) at two for $.33. Without the shelf tags it would be hard to tell that Campbell's chicken broth cost $.06 per pint more than Banquet.

According to Safeway's observers unit pricing seems more popular in the suburban store than in the ghetto, where shoppers often cannot afford to buy the largest sizes and where there is ingrained suspicion that it is just another merchandizing gimmick that in the end will cost them more money. These intuitions are consistent with the claims of retailers that unit pricing would add to expenses and consequently to food prices.

District of Columbia consumers are not accustomed to associating Safeway with public service. Washington has the highest concentration of food store ownership in the country, and the monopoly control exercised by Safeway and three other chains, which together own most stores, has something to do with the fact that food prices in the nation's capital are the highest in America. Moreover ghetto shoppers are accustomed to differential treatment. A Federal Trade Commission report this month alleged that Safeway and other chains did not carry, or had mispriced, advertised grocery products. In one Washington Safeway a survey found 47.7 percent of advertised items unavailable or overpriced; the rate in a suburban store was 5.7 percent.

Unit pricing, which will be required for retail sales in New York City starting February 20, is the most frequently proposed reform of the unfortunate truth in packaging law. The Fair Packaging and Labeling Act was passed in 1966 to a chorus of praise from its promoters and the food industry, which had earlier fought it. The vice president of the National Biscuit Company said Congress had met industry objections by stressing voluntary compliance over mandatory packaging standards. Sen. Philip Hart, the author of the act, predicted "we'll get more done this [voluntary] way in two years than we would have in ten" under mandatory standards. More than three years later, it is clear that the law has done little to eliminate confusion in the marketplace.

The packaging law had only two firm requirements. The first was that the manufacturer identify the product and print on the label his own name and address. The second required a prominently displayed, accurate statement of the net quantity of contents. Beyond this the law "encouraged" manufacturers to reduce and standardize the number of package sizes. Federal agencies were "authorized" but not required to establish regulations on the use of deceptive claims (e.g., cents off, jumbo), listing of ingredients in nonfood items, slack filling packages and so forth. Only the two mandatory provisions of the law have been successfully implemented. Federal agencies charged with enforcement have been unable to do anything of consequence with minuscule appropriations and small staffs.

The law directed the Commerce Department to encourage packagers to reduce the number of sizes and to standardize sizes so as to make value comparisons possible. Commerce lists 28 categories of products (of 8000 items available in the average supermarket) for which such voluntary standards have been worked out. Even in these cases it is often as difficult as before for a shopper to compare prices. Once there were 24 different sizes of dry detergents. Now there are six. But instead of one pound, two pound and five pound boxes, detergents now come in 20, 22, 49, 54, 84 and 92 ounce sizes.

House hearings last summer found that where manufacturers have changed package sizes they have often done it not to eliminate confusion but for profit. "Packaging to price" has become common. The contents of a product are reduced while the price, and sometimes even the package size itself, remain unchanged. Rep. Ben Rosenthal's staff compiled a list of several hundred products whose contents had been reduced since 1964 without a proportional decrease in price. The most often cited example, the five-cent Hershey bar, has undergone three size changes since 1960, from one ounce, to 7/8 ounce, to 3/4 ounce. This year the five cent bar has been discontinued altogether.

With rising costs manufacturers apparently must raise prices, but when the choice is between increasing the cost of an item and bringing that fact to the consumer's attention or reducing the contents of the package, manufacturers lean to the latter; it is less likely to affect sales adversely. When product sizes are changed they most often are changed to odd sizes for which price comparisons are difficult, ensuring that competition will continue to be on the basis of advertising claims rather than price.

Congressman Rosenthal will introduce within the next few weeks several bills to do what Fair Packaging

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and Labeling should have done in the first place. He would require canned fruits and vegetables to be labeled by drained weight as well as net weight. Such labeling would tell the food buyer how much of the canned corn is packing liquid and how much is corn. Del Monte puts out a one pound-one ounce can of corn and a 12 ounce can. The first appears considerably larger and the shopper might reasonably be expected to think it contains perhaps five ounces more corn than the smaller one. When drained of liquid the larger can contains less than half an ounce more corn than the smaller can. Listing drained weight would tell the buyer more precisely what he is getting in canned goods. Department of Agriculture tests suggest that certain processors consistently can more of the product and less packing liquid than others do. The Town House brand of spinach, for instance, contains eight percent more spinach on the average than Del Monte. Hanover cut green beans contains three to four percent more beans and less liquid than Del Monte. Del Monte sliced beets contains five percent more beets than Libby's. Portugal, Norway, the Soviet Union, Denmark are among the countries that now list the drained as well as the net weight of canned goods.

A second proposal of Rosenthal's would require ingredients of food products to be listed in percentage terms, so that the buyer knows how much of each component he's getting. Existing law requires only that ingredients be listed in diminishing order of importance. The Agriculture Department tested several common canned products and found wide variation. Chef-Boy-ar-dee spaghetti and meatballs was found, for example, to contain about 20 percent more spaghetti than Franco-American. It contained about the same amount of meat. Bounty beef stew consistently contained approximately eight percent more vegetables than Libby's. Rosenthal thinks this sort of information is of interest to shoppers, and that listing ingredients in percentage terms would be helpful in making quality comparisons.

The third bill would require that the anticipated shelf life of a product be printed on the package, that is, the date after which the product should not be used. Agriculture and the Defense Department require such information on the foods they purchase. Nearly all perishable foods already are dated but in code designed to be undecipherable by the buyer at retail. Rosenthal would have manufacturers do all their communicating in English.

Rosenthal's final two proposals deal with nutrition and grade labeling. In part as a result of the cyclamate controversy, Rosenthal would require certain food products to bear nutritional statements, such as the amounts of fat, protein and nonnutritive ingredients. Products affected would include frankfurters, tuna, peanut butter. Finally he would require uniform grading of food products, to allow comparison of quality as well as price.

David Sanford

The Growing Pains of Medical Care (II)

We Can Do It Better, Cheaper

by Fred Anderson

When the President told the nation last July that its health services were about to break down, he based his conclusion on a major, five-month interagency study. Considering the gravity of the news and the President's call for "revolutionary change," it's astonishing that the study hardly mentioned the one way that we might avoid a crisis – reorganization of the nation's entire health care system. Nothing else could rescue a system where physicians' fees are increasing at twice the rate of general prices, hospital costs are increasing at three times the rate of general prices, and scarce physicians provide fewer services, limited to episodic illnesses, for patients; patients that is, who are not overlooked entirely because of race or class.

Reorganization, if effective, must include three components: group practice, comprehensive preventive care, and prepayment.

Group practice is not a new idea. Physicians learned quite some time ago to cut duplication of office expenses by going into business together. Decreasing overhead increases profits. Comprehensive preventive care, on the other hand, is a new idea. It reduces the

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present overemphasis on episodic, crisis medicine by requiring that physicians provide for prevention of illness, as well as for its cure, on a family and community basis. Prepayment is also a relatively new idea; it helps pass the savings of group practice on to patients. By paying in advance for total care, patients eliminate the itemized doctor's bill which lists a highly inflatable array of fees for each separate service.

These three concepts, when put together, would foster urban and rural group practices, with a variety of health professionals rendering comprehensive medical services, including family and community-centered preventive care, for a prepaid annual fee per group or person. Hospitals would be integrated with the group practices in a regional plan and would be expected to provide types of specialized or intensive care now unavailable to most people.

Solo practitioners, who may number as many as 175,000, have their own fully equipped offices and pay for them by passing the costs on to their patients. But when it is properly set up, a group practice cuts overhead by finding an optimal size for sharing underused resources, such as receptionists, record maintenance, instruments and buildings. Group practice has other benefits. It relieves the medical graduate of the burden of establishing an office and building up a practice. It facilitates collaborative treatment among physicians who know each other well. It makes possible regular hours, time off for vacation, "sabbaticals" for continuing and updating the physician's medical education, and other benefits of a collegial practice. These advantages probably account for the 26,000 physicians who by 1965 had chosen to go into groups, although very few of the 5450 practices had prepayment plans and almost none passed savings along to consumers.

The second component of reorganization, preventive medicine, poses a philosophical challenge to current medical thought about health care. Today, we must wait until we are ill (preferably *very* ill) before modern medicine can bring its sophisticated techniques into play. Hospitals, medical researchers, and, to a surprising extent, private practitioners prefer it this way: illness is impersonal, isolatable, scientific. People, thought of in terms of what's needed to *prevent* illness, are not nearly as tractable. Experimentation now taking place in the urban ghetto in a special kind of group practice may reverse this unfortunate trend.

Not only are these experimental urban neighborhood practices efficient (Dr. Harold Wise, Director of the Office of Economic Opportunity's South Bronx project, says that in his clinic 25 physicians do what normally would require 60); they are a new approach to health services as well. The urban clinics are staffed with a variety of professionals, including the usual complement of pediatricians, internists, and other specialists. But community health nurses, social workers, nutritionists and psychologists are added, in order to give preventive – as well as episodic – care to families. The neighborhood practitioners are critical of the fragmented care which hospitals provide in outpatient departments or emergency wards at night, or in clinics organized around organ systems and diseases – ear, nose and throat clinics, cancer clinics, burn clinics, chest clinics, medical clinics. The patient is critical, too. He sees this array as frustrating, senseless. Need we be told that diseased organs are found in people, people in families, and families in communities, and that overemphasizing the pathology of tissues may underemphasize simple good health? Good health may require intervention in the social, as well as medical, aspects of a patient's problem. As small as the clinics' impact is, they seem to be gaining: several medical schools have started pilot projects; OEO has 40 clinics in operation; Senator Percy and 22 colleagues have introduced legislation for a $295 million program similar to OEO's; and young health professionals, many through the Student Health Organization, intend to make the clinics work.

Oddly, the communities have not always accepted community medicine with uncloyed gratitude, from which an important fact can be learned. Community leaders want control of the health programs and a larger say in what services they will deliver. Thus, Harvard University, which claims the first university-sponsored prepaid group practice plan, has had to contend with community suspicion that Harvard will provide services only so long as the community is content to do no more than provide plenty of illnesses. Tufts University, also in Boston, found that the community's Columbia Point Health Association had ideas about community health which went well beyond the "programmed" level. These "people difficulties" show that medicine is not nearly in close enough touch with its consumers, even in the inner city where medicine has tried very hard. It leads one to wonder what middle-class patients might learn and say if they, too, had a voice in health care. Preventive family medicine, through dietetics, early screening, and broader consultation, could have a great effect on middle-class maladies: ulcers, diabetes, obesity, dental caries, cirrhosis of the liver, hypertension, heart disease, can-

COMING: a special report from Nigeria on the agonies of making peace, by Russell Warren Howe

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cer, neurosis. It does not take a physician to realize that each of these can be prevented or detected quite early, and that families and communities contribute to cause and cure.

The last component in reorganization, prepayment, shifts attention once again to economy. Having agreed to a set lump sum to cover comprehensive care, physicians increase their income through internal savings below their predetermined annual income, not by gradually raising fees, here and there, for the uncountable number of separate services now available. Physicans in a prepayment plan must also give their time to patients whose health needs are greatest. This is a healthy contrast to the present situation, where all too often money determines what patients get. If Warbucks chooses to pay the prevailing rate, he can buy two hours of a Menninger's time for little Annie's sniffles. A prepayment group practice, in theory, must be more economical and apportion its talent and time on a health-oriented basis if it is to make money.

The Group Health Association of America estimates that almost eight million people are served, in part or in whole, by group health prepayment practices. About 25 of these are community plans, the largest of which are the Kaiser Foundation Health Plan (Western states), the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York, the Community Health Association of Detroit, the Group Health Association of Washington, D C, and the Group Health Cooperative of Puget Sound. Together, they care for up to four million people. The Longshoremen, the Hotel Union (New York), the Teamsters, the Mineworkers and other labor groups support a variety of plans with checkered coverages for another 3.5 to 4 million people. The collective experience of these plans has revealed some interesting facts: our outmoded system typically requires four hospital beds for every 1000 of population served; in the plans, half as many beds are enough, because office visits and outpatient care are more intelligently used, and because there is no built-in incentive to overutilize hospitals in order for the patient "to get his money back" from insurance plans (which usually provide generous benefits for hospitalization but almost nothing for outpatient care). The plans also keep drug costs down. For example, drugs for subscribers to the Seattle plan cost 50 percent less than the national average. The plans, then, are making dramatic savings in just those areas of health finance which are the most expensive, and usually they do it with substantial improvement in the quality of care rendered.

The Kaiser Foundation Health Plan, which now serves almost two million subscribers, has been particularly successful. Kaiser has saved its California subscribers 20 to 30 percent of the costs which Californians must meet if they are not in Kaiser's program. Further, under the terms of Medicare, Medicaid, and private insurance plans, many services are not reimbursable unless delivered in hospitals, causing a tremendous overuse of hospitals and consequently lower uninsured expenditures for early detection and preventive care. By reversing the incentives Kaiser has cut hospitalization 30 percent and costs even more, and without higher outpatient costs.

But group practices *alone* will not get us better medicine at lower cost. Especially when organized by physicians themselves, they rarely pass savings on to patients. Community and labor plans like the ones above are exceptional, in spite of their successes in some parts of the country. Nor will adding the prepayment device to group practice cut into medical consumers' huge bills unless a way can be found to keep down the initial lump sum payments. The purchasers of medical care need to be able to find effective representation for themselves and to challenge abuses when there is an increase in annual prepayments. What is needed in fact is countervailing "patient power."

Although prepayment cannot do the whole job, it does lay a foundation for effective patient representation. National norms for what a medical consumer should pay for comprehensive care are already evolving, since a prepaid group practice is a manageable unit for quality review. (The plans mentioned have begun to develop a figure, leaving age differences aside, of around $130 a person a year.) With the evolution of standard costs for comprehensive services for individuals in various age groups, one is able to inquire why any particular group practice cannot hold its rates down to the norm. And given patients, services and profits, it is possible to develop a set of facts with which a group, an insurer, a consumer's representative or a government agency can criticize the quality of care rendered. For instance, the cost of *my* minor respiratory disorder is almost impossible to estimate. But the cost of 2000 of them can be estimated, and that information used for more rational health pricing, or, if need be, as a weapon in the consumer's battle for better care and reduced costs. Furthermore, united consumers can afford physicians, and economists, who are hired to protect *their* interests.

As matters now stand, no one really knows how to challenge physicians' fee scales. (There is much talk and some effort directed to "quality control and review" under the federal programs, but review depends upon statistical analysis, and the needed data cannot be produced under the present organization of health care.) To make things easier, relevant statutes can be amended or passed to require annual reports to subscribers, where statutes do not already require this disclosure as part of corporation or partnership law. There is no good reason why the financing of health (the second largest of all our private industries, second only to education), should not be openly reported. Participants can negotiate collectively for coverage and

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for items of preventive care from which the community or group as such can benefit. Prepayment can make available additional kinds of health benefits which are unmanageable in a fee-for-service system. The large institutional funds may even do it for them. For instance, state Medicaid agencies have already bargained with the Clackamas County, Oregon, Physicians' Association and with 290 physicians in California's San Joaquin Valley to pay fixed per capita premiums for total care for Medicaid recipients. A private insurer, if it had to, could do the same.

The success of groups like Kaiser in cutting consumers' costs by 20 to 30 percent is encouraging. Similar savings nationwide could save $7.5 billion in hospital bills by 1975. But without being overly cynical one may ask why physicians, who are in short supply, would want to respond to the pressures of patients, who are in large supply, even if annual set rates are charged. There is no final guarantee that physicians would not keep the annual rates as high as they possibly can. But if they attempt to do so they will meet informed opposition where virtually none had existed before. They will have to push prices up under the scrutiny of consumers' representatives who know facts formerly unavailable – facts showing how much increase is due to real costs, normal inflation, waste, or higher incomes for physicians.

Either physicians will see the wisdom of economies in the financing of health care and in reorganization, or they will risk their prestige to demand even larger incomes and the continuation of wasteful practices which make life easier for the physician and harder for everyone else. Even if blinded sometimes by the preeminence which they enjoy in American society, physicians know that they are wide open to every kind of regulation and control once they lose the prestige that has made them so effective in Congress. Many of them believe that group practice and prepayment, combined as described here, or in another way, are a means of preserving the private practice of medicine.

The medical profession may not go gently into reorganization, however, and for reasons other than its desire to continue to receive large incomes and practice fee-for-service medicine. Early efforts to get group practice accepted showed that the profession can be quite effective in opposition. Organized medicine, working determinedly in the forties, has left 20 states with laws that pose barriers to group practice, voluntary care plans, or consumer control of the business and financial aspects of these activities. Of course they want to increase their earnings, but physicians also say that entrusting more than one physician with a single patient's care destroys the crucial "doctor-patient relationship" of trust and continuity. They believe this even though the experience of large hospitals with team treatment has been excellent, even though neighborhood centers have actually expanded the scope of meaningful doctor-patient relationships, even though continuity of care is mainly important in episodic, not chronic or preventive, care, and even though it has been demonstrated that a succession of new faces and fresh interest is better for some patients.

Accustomed as they are to autonomy, many physicians rankle at the thought of quality review, or peer review of a partner's contribution to the practice. Nor are they comfortable with the social side of preventive, comprehensive care. Prevention is vague, frustrating, not scientific; they prefer detective work on tissues, which is more "satisfying" to them. At the same time, they are unwilling to accept other health professionals as colleagues who can give valuable advice and initiate some care. This is particularly unfortunate since supporting staffs now are doing much of the actual work, with physicians spending more and more time just supervising them. Over the decade 1955-1965 "physician-directed services" rose 81 percent and hospital services 65 percent, although the increased output of physicians (22 percent) barely exceeded population growth (17 percent). Tasks were taken over by nurses and medical auxiliary personnel. Lastly, physicians' frustrations are compounded because their expertise in crisis medicine (surgery, cures for infectious disease, treatment for various trauma) is receding as it becomes more important to provide continuing care for children and the elderly, both of whom make up increasingly larger proportions of the population.

Nevertheless, the medical profession is not by any means closed-minded. The three-part reorganization discussed here is palatable, I believe, because it does not run head-on into the charge of medical socialism which other plans face. When led away from politics, where emotions run high, practicing physicians may actually suggest reorganization to improve cooperation and efficiency. Robert Sigmond reported to the National Conference on Health Costs that in a year-long study, he had asked physicians whether, in the event of war or other national emergency, they could reorganize their areas' health facilities so as to free staff and equipment for the emergency without substantial impairment of preexisting care. They said they could, through an efficient regional group practice plan. Many physicians, especially the younger ones, while not sure about family-centered preventive care, are interested in prepaid group practice because of the collegiality, security, regular vacations and regular hours that group practice makes possible. In a sense they have stopped admiring the nineteenth century independent entrepreneur and have started imitating his successors in modern corporations and partnerships.

This article is the second of three on meeting the nation's health crisis. The final article will discuss how health care should be financed.

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Nixon's First Year

by Tom Wicker

Even after a year of power, the Nixon Administration appears to fit none of those figurative pigeonholes over which the familiar labels of American politics have been so carefully taped. It is not "liberal," but is it "conservative" in the usual sense? Not even the big pigeonhole in the middle marked "moderate" permits a good fit. Some say even "Republican" won't quite do.

The point at which to begin describing this Administration is negative; it is clearly *not* just the Eisenhower Administration, eight years removed. This is not a government of Wall Street lawyers (save those of Mr. Nixon's old firm), Boston Brahmins, the major corporations, the Ivy League college presidents, or the New York Council on Foreign Relations. The Mormon former president of a Chicago bank presides at the House of Mellon, the Cabinet boasts Italian Catholic and Southern Protestant construction men, a frontier entrepreneur from Alaska, one of Detroit's hottest auto salesmen, a shorthaired California politician and a Secretary of Defense out of the plebian House of Representatives by way of the lumber industry. Mr. Nixon at the White House is surrounded by West Coast advertising executives and young merchandising types, and in perhaps the most spectacular single act of his Administration, a Republican Vice President of Greek-American lineage actually attacked the Eastern Establishment, or at least the press and television he said were the Establishment's creatures. That loud whirring noise was bound to have been from the graves of Nicholas Murray Butler, the elder Lodge, and Joe Pew.

Mr. Nixon, it is obvious, eulogizes Ike, honors Mamie and displays David; but when it comes to politics and government, the Administration he has put together is a new breed of cat. No doubt partially based also on his own rank-and-file origins, nondescript college, and relentless perception of Americans as mostly middle-class, God-fearing football fans, Mr. Nixon's government is primarily a product of the times, which are a-changin'.

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Its most identifiable and controversial bloodline derives from the famous Forgotten American of the Nixon Campaign, who now lives somewhere amid the Great Silent Majority. The Forgotten American knows no North or South, no West and less East, nor as much party as he used to. Typically, he seems to have fled the approach of the ghetto and the isolation of the country to establish himself in the suburbs and the small towns. He worries about crime, immorality, unrest, prices and taxes. He would not be caught dead rioting or demonstrating, and suspects most of those who do are either duped by foreign agents or irresponsible. He is not "against" blacks but thinks they are getting too much, too fast, for too little effort, and he can prove that their presence in the neighborhood lowers hard-earned values and in the schools destroys long-established standards. He fears that welfare damages character and costs too much, thinks that a hard-line police policy would deter crime and violence, and believes that his own children do not play around with pot, drugs, the SDS, or pre-martial sex. He is fed up with a war that is not being won, but shocked at the notion of an American defeat. And he is inclined to agree with J. Edgar Hoover that justice is only incidental to the maintenance of order.

The Forgotten American of 1968 is, in fact, the old traditional salt of the earth frustrated by and in reaction against years of uprooting population growth and migration at home, and a quarter-century of unrewarding political and military management abroad – against burgeoning affluence, exploding technology, declining individualism; but the targets of his reaction are not so much these ill-understood forces themselves as the standards and institutions that have been outmoded and overwhelmed by them – first of all, the government itself and the New Deal liberal philosophy that has made it so big and so expensive for the better part of 40 years.

If this description of the Forgotten American seems derogatory, it is not the author's but that which emerges from much of the rhetoric and programming of the Nixon Administration. The Justice Department's

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punitive approach to crime and civil disorder, as exemplified in its so-called "preventive detention" proposals as well as in the claim that black militant and student groups can be secretly but legally wiretapped as threats to the national security; the attempted slowdown in the pace of Southern school desegregation and the undercutting of the Johnson Administration's effective Voting Rights Act for Southern blacks; the nomination of two conservative jurists to what used to be the Warren Court; the persistent talk of modifying that court's decisions asserting the rights of defendants; the use of a conspiracy statute to prosecute those who allegedly plotted the 1968 violence in Chicago; the hortatory appeals to patriotism, national pride and anti-Communist instincts, as a counter to the anti-Vietnam war movement; the studied rebuff to and downgrading of the October and November mass protest demonstrations – all of these are of a parcel. They represent not just a limited "Southern Strategy" designed only to counter George Wallace and win votes in Dixie, although that purpose may be served; not merely a supine surrender to minor potentates like Strom Thurmond and John Tower; but rather the genuine political response, no less considered for being at times instinctive, of an Administration that believes the Forgotten American constitutes a Great Silent Majority, hence rightfully must be served – an Administration also that in important respects appears to share, hence respect, the Forgotten American's view of and reaction to society and the times.

After a year of Nixonian government, there is not much doubt that it is most strongly influenced by the idea that the Forgotten American is the dominant political figure of the day – that not much can be done without his support, and even less against his active opposition. This is not to suggest that no other intellectual, political and spiritual forces are at work within this Administration; if it were engaged in nothing other than a sympathetic head-shrinking of the Great Silent Majority, it would neither be hard to classify nor worth much study. The point is, rather, that other strong influences – of which there appeared in this seedling year to be at least two — make themselves felt but not without important reference to the Forgotten-Man theology that lies at the heart of the Administration.

Another powerful impulse, basically domestic, is not – for instance – so much revisionist, not so much bemused by longing for a simpler and more manageable order of things at home and abroad, as the Forgotten American is widely supposed to be; instead, it springs from the conviction that the urban liberals who have dominated government since Franklin Roosevelt have muffed the job. Those who feel this way see, for instance, four major civil rights bills in a decade but a worse racial crisis than ever; federal aid to an education system that doesn't work, at least not well enough; a "war on poverty" that not only ended in defeat but virtually discredited the effort; a massive attack on urban ills that has left the cities in even greater disarray and tension; a welfare program that creates more dependency, rather than relieving it; and a vast federal bureaucracy, allied to a Democratic Congress, that scatters available dollars and energies more nearly according to political power relationships and long-established criteria than in pursuit of realistic goals and responsible priorities.

If Attorney General John Mitchell is the symbol of the influence of the Forgotten Man, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the President's Democratic urban counsellor, is probably the most articulate representive of those whose primary impulse is to make government work, to better match its performance to its promise.

It is not too difficult for those who follow Mitchell and those who take Moynihan's view to make common cause. In the first place, the Forgotten American generally doesn't think government has been working either, if for a differing complex of reasons; thus there is a common political base to be built upon by men who also share a disillusionment with the liberal dogmas of past decades, and with the liberal political and bureaucratic establishment that produced and conformed to them.

Out of somewhat differing motivations, therefore, come roughly common aims – for instance, that the number of persons dependent on welfare should be reduced – and, in pursuit of these aims, each can make allowances for the other. Moynihan may have to tolerate Mitchell's attack on the voting rights bill in order to pursue his plans on welfare, but those plans may win a greater acceptance than would have been possible in an Administration committed to the established liberal concepts and apprehensions.

So the most significant result of this second strain of influence within the Nixon Administration appears to be its adoption – not yet followed by Congressional approval – of the outlines of an "income approach" to the welfare-poverty problem. While the complex Family Assistance Plan falls considerably short of what is generally meant by "guaranteed annual income," it takes three long steps in that direction. It establishes the notion of a "right" to income; it would therefore deliver assistance in the form of cash and food stamps rather than in services; and it makes the "working poor" as well as the indigent eligible for help.

The Family Assistance Plan has many flaws, primarily the low income at first to be provided, and faces hard going in the Democratic Congress; it constitutes, nevertheless, the most substantial welfare reform proposal in the program's history. It is remarkable for today's climate in that it actually would put more people on the rolls and cost the taxpayers more money

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than the existing version. In the long run, it is calculated to reduce dependency through income incentives and work-training; but probably only an Administration that commands the confidence of the Forgotten Americans could hope to win public support for it against its short-run liabilities.

Another rather fluid product of the make-government-work influence is the Administration's revenue-sharing proposals. These, too, are a long way from Congressional approval, and at the proposed funding level would not at first have great impact anyway. Continuing Democratic and liberal influence in the cities, as against the widespread Republican dominance of statehouses, gives the states first place in the receiving line for the federal funds to be shared, although the states are supposed to let a proportionate share trickle down to the cities. Since cities like New York can demonstrate greater need for money than many states, but since the cities need it mainly for programs that may arouse the animosity of the Forgotten Man, trouble is brewing on this vital point.

Whatever its drawbacks, revenue-sharing is another effort to get the kind of results from federal funds that many believe the big federal agencies, matching-grant programs, with their uniform criteria, inflexible administration and bureaucratic concerns, have not been able to produce. And the plan has another theoretical advantage: if successful, it would place operational responsibility for social programs in state and local jurisdictions, which might tend both to rejuvenate these levels of government and give citizens a more direct voice in their affairs. Here again, in short, is something that may prove a useful reform, yet ought to sound sensible to the Forgotten American; and so it becomes palatable in the Nixon Administration.

Similarly, if government is going to be made to work, one of the things it will have to do is to spend its money where it most needs spending. This has been brought home sharply to men like Moynihan by their developing conviction that the liberal faith of the sixties – the nation can afford anything it really wants to do, feeding the poor as well as fighting the Communist – was misplaced, that the play of domestic and international political forces on the national wealth places a finite limit on funds that will be available for social programs. It was Moynihan the liberal, not a Pentagon general, who publicly disputed the idea of a sizable "peace dividend" following the end of the war in Vietnam. Here again is an attitude that can make something of a common cause with those who wish to appease the Forgotten Man; and indeed it has been the Nixon Administration that has managed a significant reduction in the Pentagon's budget, everybody's favorite target for misplaced federal money.

A third strain of significant opinion within Mr. Nixon's house appears, again, to duplicate strong public sentiment. It holds that while there is no responsible way to abandon the world role thrust upon the nation in World War II and after, the manner in which recent Administrations have played that role has been too militant and too military, therefore too dangerous and too expensive, and that what is needed in the 70s – both in the cause of world stability and American domestic welfare – is "lower profile" in foreign policy and a resolute rejection of the notion of playing policeman in a world where, anyway, the old notion of monolithic Communism on the march no longer seems to apply.

Thus, Mr. Nixon's repeated slogan about an era of confrontation giving way to an era of negotiation. Thus, the SALT talks. Thus, "Vietnamization" of the war. Thus, the Nixon Doctrine for Asia, and the reopening of talks with China. And without this attitude, the military spending reductions could not realistically have been attained.

Here, however, the Forgotten Man becomes a more troublesome supporter. The Johnson Administration seemed ready to move considerably further than Mr. Nixon had on nuclear arms talks as of the beginning of the new decade. Vietnamization is, at best, a long slow process, costly in lives and money – and, at worst, a formula for maintaining a proxy war for no one knows how many years. The Nixon Doctrine sounded, as Vice President Agnew described it in Asia, like six of Nixon and a half-dozen of Johnson. The Chinese talks owe as much to Peking's fear of Moscow as to Mr. Nixon's liberalism. And while the Pentagon budget has been cut, the Administration is going ahead with ABM and MIRV.

The limited nature of all these moves, while congenial to the world view Mr. Nixon has always expressed, nevertheless suggests a profound respect for the powerful impulses, prejudices and convictions of all those Forgotten Men – who are supposed to believe in the might as well as the right of America, the iniquity of the Russians and the Communist Chinese, and the necessity of standing as tough in the world as Marshall Dillon or the Kansas City Chiefs.

This in its turn suggests the basic limitation of an Administration determined to establish a kind of linkage between its own aims and ideals and those of what it believes to be the controlling political sentiment of the country. It is likely to hold itself to what can be justified politically – in a phrase John Erlichman once used, to an act that will "play in Peoria." It is likely to calculate its program more on the basis of what it believes the dominant forces want, than on what ought to be done in some broader concept of the public good and need. It may sacrifice the role of leader and teacher in order to maintain political standing. Worse, in its effort to divine a national mood, it may badly underestimate – or allow its own beliefs to influence its realistic judgment of — what the people can be per-

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suaded to support. Is Mr. Nixon underestimating, for example, the extent to which Americans generally would support a negotiated peace that did not sustain the Thieu-Ky government in South Vietnam?

On the other hand, it can well be argued that the people have had quite enough of Roosevelt-Kennedy-Johnson style "leadership" toward goals that were not commonly accepted or understood and that this high-powered approach to government produced too few results, solved too few problems, and roused too many animosities, however exciting it was. It can also be argued, for instance, that if in a democracy the majority of the people think blacks are getting too much, too fast, that belief is the salient fact that has to be reckoned with; so that it makes sense to build toward a policy that will convince the white majority no one segment of the population is being favored to the disadvantage of another. Only then, as this line of argument runs, can an Administration successfully put through such an innovative step as the "Philadelphia Plan" to increase the number of blacks employed in the construction trades.

All that can be argued, and has been. The case can be made, even more strongly, that it is dangerous for government to arouse among blacks, or the poor generally, or any other groups, expectations that it cannot fulfill because it does not have the money or the knowledge or the political support, or all three. In sum, it is certainly better for the government to work than for it not to work, and it is all too true that it has not worked well enough in the past.

There remains a real danger for a government based too strongly upon identification with a majority united primarily in bitterness, mistrust, fear and anger. The danger is that those who seek the favor and support of such a majority may encourage, and themselves emulate, these qualities, rather than trying to build, too, upon those other strains of generosity and courage that many a President has found not lacking in the American people.

If the Nixon Administration defies classification, after all, how much more do the times and "the people"! Not just the Forgotten Man – himself a none too well-known quantity, a flesh-and-blood human rather than a poll-taker's cipher – but the blacks, the students, the liberals of Park Avenue, the *Chicanos*, the intellectuals, the businessmen, the affluent suburbanites, the welfare recipients, the old, the young, the Appalachian poor – all the infinite variety of a continental democracy in ferment and turmoil, caught in the explosive change of the Twentieth Century. It would be a curious political view that saw some static majority, fixed and definable, dominating all these other forces even for one Presidential term, let alone a new political era; and surely an Administration that understood and concerned itself only with a part of the seething whole, no matter how large that part, would not be asking the best of itself or of the nation.

What Train Will Come?

What train will come to bear me back across so wide a town?
– found scrawled in a subway station

Snow drifts melt in the streets, pock-marked at the curb as by newsprint, and the wind whips up the snow; the air tastes of black foam;

The world becomes a wet newspaper into whose blown pages now I step, snow mounting all around,

Smudged white walls where howling newsprint peels, tooth-white crevasses on which graffiti dance.

The wet dark rushes up as I descend where the black turnstile rests, an upended propeller,

And the steps at the edge of the platform echo as if from another deserted platform toward another on and on

Like the tapping of miners through the dark; and my heel clicks in the cold on a toothless silver comb . . .

What train will come?

Wet clings to my body; gray ash sifts down upon the track unwinding ahead, and I can hear far off – or is it far off in the mind? – the clang of car on car,

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The human chain, the haunted sound; and before me a broken mirror swings in the void at the track's edge

And through it cracks spread from a dark center – veins like roots tunnelling through the ground –

And my step clicks on cement, and whichever way I move – from whichever way the train will come – the day is down . . .

While wheels – remembered wheels – turn dizzily before me with the broken glass

And in the glass a face that in the silence spreads and turns; and in my chest a heart-beat like a distant drum . . .

What train will come?

Glass glints; shoe creaks . . . A small child, I walked after a tornado in the city, holding my mother's hand,

The sky open again above us like a wound drained of blood, the pale edges folded in upon a pink center;

I strolled beside her, and she seemed to spin off from me in her dress of voile, her cartwheel hat;

And I gazed out on tilted and shattered telephone poles, their wires trailing over sidewalks like black spaghetti;

An acrid taste of burning bread hovered in the air; the most intimate parts of buildings had been ripped off, and here a bed dangled down

And there was the smell of buried flesh; and I was sick and wanted to hide my face and run to some green spot, gaze up at a proper sun-lit dome . . .

What train will come?

O violent earth: I think of the morning Darwin saw you, "the very emblem of all that is solid," a world

That had moved overnight beneath his feet "like a crust over a fluid," and when he sailed into Talcahuano Bay

All was strangely still: after the battering waves, water black and boiling where the seabed had seemed to crack open;

The shore was strewn with debris, ships keeling over on a plain of mud and soggy seaweed,

Burst cotton bales, dead animals, uprooted trees, housetops lay tossed about and huge rocks covered the beaches;

And there had been little warning: the first shocks, and then the curious twisting movement, making the ground open and then close again – as on a tomb . . .

What train will come?

But now we do not wait: we rip the earth apart ourselves, bulldoze the dead before us,

Make a desert of our blue earth, and explore the desert moon, bringing

Her rocks to add to those we pile upon our dead, while in an empty landscape of slag heaps

And smoking lagoons the black poor gather under a low sky, and trapped light hovers like false dawn;

The assassin's bullet is answered by a quiet voice: "Put your banners down; go quietly home . . ."

And another bullet answers; and still the banners rage and blaze and burn:

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Which way is back? Which way is home?

What train will come?

Violence breeds violence until the chain binds and slashes over burned-over ground

And the distant war is brought closer, diminished on the TV screen: men kill men, and all three inches tall . . .

In a small skirmish, – "little activity, two or three dead, nothing extraordinary,"

In a country that is soft and wet and hot; now under whirling chopper blades the grass huts blaze

And the little moon-faced people are lined up for a roll of color film – men, women, children – and shot down

And with cadaver obedience heaped by rice paddy and rubble – all to be neatly held one day upon a screen within a frame of chrome . . .

What train will come?

Three inches tall (in memory) I wander up and down . . . Ah, once I loved a stone, the shape of water winding through

Wild rose, sweet william, Indian paint brush, and in the woods a woman (was it my mother?) walking in yellow lace

Through violet shadows, nodding and talking . . . And I left her there by the stream . . . and then that night found her again

Locked in a little room at the top of the stairs, moaning and calling as if from underground,

And the club that had beaten her rested like some heraldic emblem beside the door where the drunken man had placed it;

And I knelt down, staring into my own vomit, helpless, dazed, and dumb . . .

What train will come?

O dreadful night! . . . What train will come? . . . What tree is that? . . . a sycamore? – the mottled bark stripped bare,

Desolate in winter light against the track, and I continue on to the mudflats

By the roaring river where garbage, chicken coops, and houses rush by me on mud-crested waves,

And at my feet are dead fish – catfish, gars – and there in a little inlet

Come on a deserted camp, the tin can in which the hoboes brewed their coffee stained bitter black

As the cinders sweeping ahead under a milkweed-colored sky along a darkening track

And gaze into a slough's green stagnant foam,
and know that the way out is never back,

but down,
down . . .

What train will come
to bear me back
across so wide a town?

WILLIAM JAY SMITH

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Circus

(United Artists)

I saw Charlie Chaplin's *The Circus* in 1928, the year it came out, and loved it. I saw it about twenty years later, at a private showing, and loved it. I saw it again recently, in its first commercial release in more than 40 years, and loved it again. Obviously the "I" was vastly different each time. One proof of Chaplin's genius is that the same film had the same fundamental effect on three different people, and this is not an egocentric proof because there must be millions who have had similar experiences with his pictures. But with *The Circus*, the experience is particularly striking – even more touching – because, with the last two viewings, I've known that it isn't one of Chaplin's very best.

Naturally, that is strictly a relative statement.

In this film the Tramp is hanging around side-shows, is chased by a cop, and flees – into the main ring of a circus. The audience there, which was bored by the clowns, laughs heartily at this chase. The ringmaster-owner hires the Tramp to make him a clown, but the Tramp can't learn the traditional skits. He is fired, is again chased into the ring – by a donkey – and again convulses the audience. This time the wily ringmaster hires him as a prop man and arranges to have him chased into the ring at every performance. The Tramp is a hit but doesn't know it. The bareback-rider, who is the daughter of the ringmaster and whom the Tramp loves, finally opens his eyes to his success. But when he learns that she is in love with someone else, the Tramp loses his ability to be funny. He brings the two lovers together, then lets the circus go on without him.

The Circus is slim, and part of the slimness is purely dimensional – it is Chaplin's shortest feature after *The Kid*. But there is also internal slimness: the story lacks drama and progression, and the supporting characters are not very interesting. The girl – played by Merna Kennedy, the most pallid of his leading ladies – lacks the gamine vitality of the waif in *Modern Times* or the complexity of the dance-hall girl in *The Gold Rush*. (I saw the latter again recently and noted once more how subtly Chaplin assumes that we know she is a prostitute, without ever saying so, and proceeds to build the Tramp's pathos on the substructure of that assumption.) The only mildly colorful character here is the ringmaster, the girl's father, who in some books is called her stepfather. His brutality to the girl is stock-villainy, but his handling of the circus has cynical verity.

Still if *The Circus* lacks drama in its story, the dramatic structure of its comedy episodes is superb; and if the characters are thin, the thematic implications are not.

As for the first, Chaplin only occasionally uses an isolated gag. For instance, when he is dusting things in the circus one day, he takes the magician's goldfish out of the bowl, wipes them off, and puts them back. But, for the most part, the comic incidents are part of a knitted structure that grows to considerable size from a quite small beginning. I'll trace one example.

A pickpocket lifts a fat wallet and a watch from an old man in the sideshow crowd. The old man discovers the theft, and the pickpocket quickly shoves the stolen goods, unobserved, into the pocket of the Tramp whose back is toward him. The starving Tramp is now 1) an innocent thief; 2) the unwitting possessor of the means to end his hunger.

That is the simple beginning; now see what happens. In front of a hot-dog stand, the Tramp steals bites of a hot dog held by a baby over his father's shoulder. This would be funny anyway, but we know that the Tramp has enough money in his pocket to buy the whole hot-dog stand. While he is gazing longingly at the franks, the pickpocket approaches and tries to lift back his loot. This time a cop catches him with his hand in the Tramp's pocket and restores the loot to the "rightful" owner.

Amazed at his luck, the Tramp orders about a dozen franks. While he waits, he pulls out "his" watch grandly and looks at the time – just as the old man passes whose watch it really is. When the old man sees the Tramp also pull out his wallet, he calls a cop. The Tramp runs. Meanwhile the pickpocket has escaped from *his* cop. In a wonderful tracking shot the Tramp and the pickpocket run toward us side by side at full speed, each one with a cop behind him. Then the Tramp raises his hat to the pickpocket in salute, and they split in different directions.

But they meet again in a fun-house to which they flee, where Chaplin hilariously mimics a life-size mechanical doll and where there are marvelous optical tricks in a mirror-maze. (Did Orson Welles remember this scene when he made *The Lady from Shanghai*?) At last the cop chases him into the circus ring and, after further complications with a magician's apparatus, into a new life. The Tramp escapes, returns the wallet and watch *en passant*, then hides in a chariot and sleeps. Next day he is discovered and hired.

All this exploded out of a tiny capsule: the pickpocket putting the loot in the Tramp's pocket. After that, all that was needed was the insanity of strict logic. But it is not "mere" logic, it is a dramatist's, including by implication everything that has gone before. The progress is not linear but cellular.

The theme of the film is a contrast between reality and art. The Tramp is funny as a man. He is very unfunny when he tries to amuse in a circus skit. His funniness is in his spontaneous being; consciousness kills it. There is one brief period during which he knows he is being funny, after the girl tells him he has been a hit for some time. With that confidence he can continue; but he loses that confidence as soon as he learns she doesn't love him, and he cannot "make" funny again.

Chaplin was always fascinated with this confrontation of a funny *man* with a theatrical environment in which people are trying to make emotion. In one of his earliest shorts, *A Film Johnnie* (1914), he follows some actors into a studio and bursts open several contrived scenes with the reality of his being. In one of his last features, *Limelight* (1952) he is still concentrating on the dividing line between facing audiences with comic equipment and facing life with comic bravery. At the end of *The Circus*, in one of the loveliest shots in any Chaplin film, he stands on the circus grounds as the wagons roll away one by one. Finally alone, he sits, and we see he is in the middle of a circle that was marked on the ground by the circus rings. The theater has once again become the world.

Chaplin has added a score for this new release, which is adequate though

(*Continued on Page 33*)

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Russell Warren Howe: "Very Optimistic"

Africa For the Africans
by G. Mennen Williams

(Eerdmans; $5.95)

In his first major appointment after taking office, JFK selected G. Mennen Williams as Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs. Williams had hoped for cabinet rank – at HEW. In compensation, he was allowed to build African Affairs into a proto-ministry.

The section had been carved out, for administrative reasons only, a few years earlier. After "Soapy," the post reverted to its former obscurity. Williams, a six-times Michigan governor, put his office on the map: probably not one American in one thousand could name the present incumbent.

It is from this emeritus status that Williams writes of his African experience and his views on African policy (if Washington has an African policy now, it's a closely guarded secret). There is a measure of real naïveté in this bluff New Frontiersman with the baseball coach manner. He stoutly avers that the one-party state in Africa is not fascistic, but does not elaborate beyond joining with the paternalists to praise intra-party discussion and declare that "administration has by and large been in the public interest." (Mussolini deserves similar praise, for what it's worth.) Yet he senses the flavor of "American frontier life" in parts of Africa, and says convincingly: "Perhaps the one-party system in Africa is a short-term, transitional arrangement. We Americans ought to remember that George Washington was not confronted by an opposition party."

He is at his best in his memoirs of recent African history. On the Congo he is excellent. He writes accurately that "neither I nor any other State Department official had any warning that (President) Kasa-Vubu would make such a selection" (Tshombe as premier in 1964). "No American encouraged Tshombe's return." Indeed, he rightly emphasizes how uneasy the initial relationship was between the US Embassy and the new premier. He records Tshombe's qualities in his newly found legitimacy: his courageous and successful barnstorming, his authority and – when the spirit moved him – efficiency. He notes that Tshombe only raised his white foreign legion after efforts to get an African peace force failed. A passionate Africanophile, Williams has the courage to call the Stanleyville paratroop rescue mission humanitarian and to brand as racist those who opposed it.

Curiously he believes that in all the Congolese crises, "the US never intended to commit American forces to combat in the Congo." Leaving aside Col. Dodds and his front line colleagues as "advisors," and the CIA civilians who flew the Grummans, there was the important commitment, obtained by Ambassador Edmund Gullion from President Kennedy, to put US pursuit aircraft into action in Katanga, in January 1963, under the UN flag, if the last UN push against the rebels looked like foundering.

He makes a number of minor slips mostly dating from the Eisenhower era, but he sensitively sums up the Congolese dilemma: a people finding it hard to understand why their country, the richest in Africa, could not, once independent, offer the standard of living of Belgian colonists. He is too tactful, however, to give the reason: Congolese productivity is infinitely lower.

Outside of the Congo, Williams devotes the bulk of his effort to appraisals of white policy in Southern Africa. He notes that Africans have "lost a great deal of confidence in Great Britain" because of the flabby handling of white Rhodesia; and he asserts that if direct action is not taken it "gives the lie to British and American expressions of opposition to racialism." But having gone this far, Soapy leaves us hanging; he has no action to offer; his device is to duck behind British responsibility. And in South Africa itself he is invariably more concerned with humoring the aggressor than seeing the problem squarely from the victim's view. He notes that two million Eurafricans ("Coloreds") are "in language, religion and way of life indistinguishable from the whites, except for the poverty, inferior education and traditional social ills of a depressed group." And so he proposes that whites should begin by "accepting" Eurafricans:

> What must be secured is a transition without violence to a condition that will assure rights for those now deprived as well as for those presently enjoying a privileged position.

Yet he provides no strategy for transition, and rejects such unviolent solutions as territorial partition, the cutting off of investment, or navally enforced sanctions, since the situation is "not a present threat to peace." He goes on:

> We do not believe it appropriate for the United States to try to impose any specific formula, nor do we think it is a practical possibility for us to do so. We will support any reasonable formula agreed upon by a majority of the South African people.

Admittedly the atmosphere was different, but the US managed to impose democracy on Japan, a less fascistic and more important country than South Africa. And how is a South African majority even to emerge, let alone agree, without some sort of revolution?

> US policy must steer an imaginative but practical, determined but sensitive course.

Yet:

> The situation has engendered a

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fatalistic belief among all factions that violence is inevitable in the long run.

Meanwhile he is gentle with the Portuguese, blaming their feudal attitude to Africa on their feudal attitude to themselves. He tells us that the US "fully appreciates . . . Portugal's goal of a multiracial society," and that US policy is to encourage a dialog between Africans and Portuguese and produce a timetable for reform. The "dialog" suggestion was put forward by Senegal's President Senghor, who offered himself as an intermediary and restricted Portuguese Guinean resistance use of Senegal to sanctuary and medical facilities. (Their armed bases are in Guinea.) Portugal's response was to bombard a Senegalese village, Samine, in November. American reaction was to abstain on a Security Council vote condemning Portugal December 9 (while France and Britain voted against Portugal). "We have," continues Williams, "refrained from providing or selling arms for use in Africa by either side." Since NATO American aircraft, vehicles and weapons are the principal Portuguese armament in Portuguese Guinea, Angola and Mozambique – and since Holden Roberto's guerrillas get US help to counterbalance the MPLA's KGB supplies in Angola – Williams' line is hard to swallow.

The last section of *Africa for the Africans* evaluates US policy in general. Aid – now less than $200 million yearly to the 41 independent states, or the cost of eight hours fighting in Vietnam – is inadequate, and needs to be supplemented by more trade and investment, Williams says. The US has done better than the Communists but could beat them at a limp if there were no parts of Africa still under foreign or foreign-origin domination. He cites cases to prove that where there is a choice, Western aid is usually preferred.

He also quotes impressive data to show Africa's importance as a present and future source of strategic and other essential materials. He trounces the irksome and unrealistic new restrictions imposed by Congress on bilateral aid. He calls for more aid in setting up more African universities, but without reducing the number of African places in US colleges. He eulogizes the Peace Corps, citing a Corpsman's letter quoting an Ibo proverb: "When the right hand washes the left, the right be-

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comes clean also." He notes that "African manpower, once trained, seems as capable as any" (but, alas, less productive).

His own policy, when he finally explains it, is disappointingly limited to Kennedy's guidelines (designed for a slightly different era). First, there should be support for self-determination, including nonalignment: he cites Kennedy's – or rather Sorenson's – "Some may choose for ourselves – but it is not for us that they are choosing. We welcome diversity – the Communists cannot. And the wave of the past shows clearly that freedom, not coercion, is the wave of the future."

In other words Africans must solve their own problems. Living standards must be raised through aid and trade. Arms levels must be kept down. Other countries must be reminded to do their bit. There is not much here that President Nixon would need to be reminded or persuaded of; even a President Wallace would concur.

That he does recognize the enormous dangers cannot be denied:

> The implications of a racial confrontation in Africa are terrifying. An Africa antagonistic because of race could devastate the globe. Race is more enduring than Marxism. Already it touches more people in Africa and Asia than does ideology. . . . Not even the atomic bomb is more of a threat than is the threat of race war.

But what to do about the threat is another matter:

> Unfortunately, at present I see little likelihood of early or effective white efforts at accommodation. Nor do I see an early or successful black revolt from within or without. However, unless whites [accommodate], I am confident their supremacy will forcibly be taken away from them eventually. Thus the question of ultimate accommodation or revolution is practically impossible to predict. Probably, I think, there will be small demonstrations of violence by blacks followed by strategic white retreats to greater accommodation. I certainly cannot rule out the possibility of a cataclysmic convulsion.

Having bet on all the mounts – Gradualism, Revolution, even Unpredictable – Williams notes that US and British direct involvement will come only when apartheid becomes too dangerous to be internationally permitted. This sounds like waiting for the Russians and Chinese to dictate the peace.

"I remain very optimistic," he says, adding blandly "especially if southern Africa does not provoke a racial holocaust."

Perhaps, *in fine*, Williams, a transparently pleasant person who likes and is liked by Africans, was only an envoy extraordinary, Kennedy's goodwill ambassador. He preaches the gospel still, but the revealed truth can only be revealed or amended by the lost Messiah. Even what is perhaps the most obvious recommendation of all – the need for a cabinet-rank roving ambassador in Africa, to back up envoys on the spot and cut through red tape in Washington – is not made. Williams sees a risk of approaching war: waving his umbrella "positively" and "vigorously," he declares that there must be no Munich, but. . . .

ALEXANDER WERTH, whose great international bestseller, *Russia at War*, was termed by C. P. Snow in a recent issue of LIFE, "much the best account of the Soviet-German war produced in the West: in fact it may be the best account of the war yet written anywhere," has, in *Russia, Hopes and Fears*, written a sequel to that classic work, one that brilliantly interprets the enigma of Russia today.

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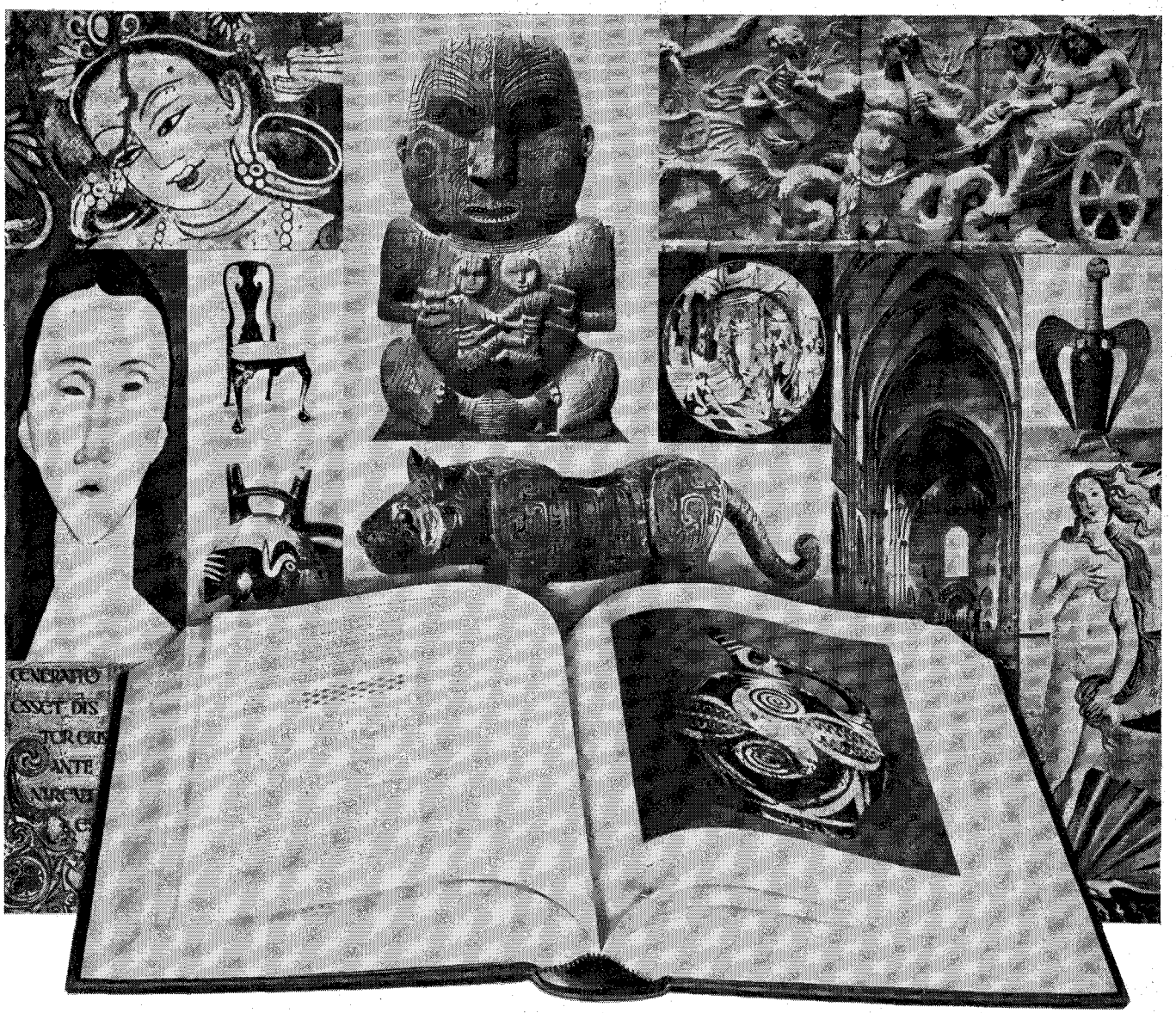

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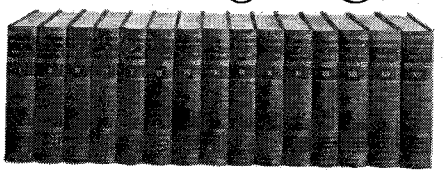

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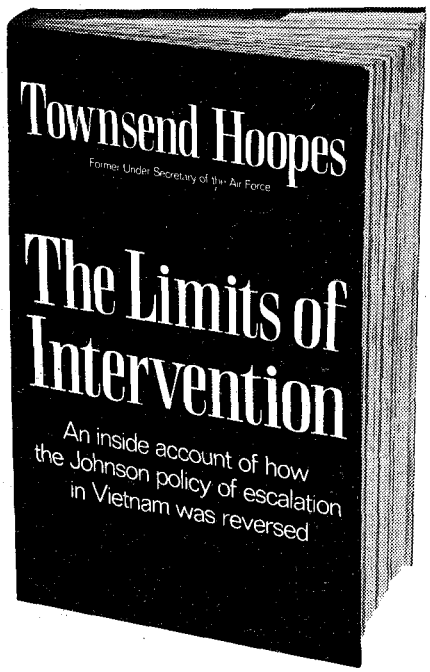
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Saul Maloff: Back From Limbo

Year Before Last by Kay Boyle

(Southern Illinois University Press; $6.95)

About a year and a half ago, Kay Boyle, taking an inspired notion, revived Robert McAlmon's *Being Geniuses Together*, an almost forgotten memoir of the American post-war literary "exile" in France. Miss Boyle more than rescued it from oblivion; she gave it new and surprising life by carefully editing what had been a chaotic paste-up of anecdotes, reminiscences, tales (some of them possibly tall) and a settling of old scores into a reasonably tight narrative centering on McAlmon's life in letters during the green and salad days of the twenties; and she took the great risk, which might in other hands have turned into a presumptuous display of self-promotion, of radically altering the character of the book by adding contrapuntal chapters of her own, in effect making it a dual memoir of parallel and interesting lives. The contrast was striking: McAlmon flinty, caustic, posturing, playing the mucker – and, finally, unexpectedly moving as by decade's end, sick to death of ego, he bids goodby to all that; Miss Boyle all sensibility, a dreamy girl caught up in spasms of art and love, yet sufficiently clear-eyed to see straight and true.

Also recently – as part of its "Cross-Currents/Modern Fiction" series, which brought back, among other works, Richard Aldington's *Soft Answers*, Lawrence's *The White Peacock* and Zelda Fitzgerald's *Save Me the Waltz* – Southern Illinois University Press reprinted Miss Boyle's first novel, *Plagued by the Nightingale* (1931), an account of an American girl's marriage to a Frenchman and initiation into the mysteries of French family life. Now, following on the heels of that novel, we have Miss Boyle's second novel, originally published in 1932, by which time the twenties must already have seemed light years away to many of those in the contemporary novel-reading public who might once have cared about the emotional and aesthetic travail of the incurably young. But now that is no longer the issue, we can see the novel whole and clear. What is it like, that it should be returned from limbo nearly forty years later, and what sort of writer was Miss Boyle then?

At the very outset, an American girl (Hannah in this novel; Bridget in the first) married to a Frenchman meets Martin Sheean, a poet who edits a little magazine; and in as long as it takes to exchange lingering glances, she agrees to leave her husband (a decent, devoted but dull man, we gather) and follow Martin in quest of his demon and grail. They barrel through the south of France in his battered car, taking up lodgings here or there until they are driven on to the next place of refuge by the natives' superstitious fear of contamination by Martin's desperate illness. Martin (like Ernest Walsh, whose importance in Miss Boyle's life is recorded in *Being Geniuses Together*) has contracted a fatal lung injury when, as an aviator in the Great War, he crashed his plane; and since then the sustaining force of his flickering life has been poetry and the literary magazine he edits. Next to – even more than – writing his own poems, putting the poems of other men between paper covers seems to him his life's principal justification. To die for Art – that period sentiment – seems small enough a sacrifice; and to have the magazine and Hannah, too, is veriest heaven.

There is a catch in the form of Martin's aunt Eve – a ferociously possessive, eccentric elderly spinster who can't abide the presence of "another woman" in her nephew's life. Eve's ultimate weapon, constantly brandished, is her threat to withdraw the financial support of the magazine unless he agrees to leave his wanton woman and return dutifully to her loving care, and ample means. Faced with that terrible choice – Hannah or the magazine – Martin vacil-

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lates more than once; and in fact it is never entirely clear whether he chooses Hannah out of greater love or direr need, since she proves herself to be a very competent nurse during his bouts of violent hemorrhaging. At the end there is a kind of ambiguous reconciliation – more a way to end a novel than resolve conflicts and entanglements. And that, essentially, is the novel.

If all this sounds dramatically sparse, it is. The texture is somewhat thickened by the vague presence of some crude caricatures: a titled English lady-writer – silly, brassy, vain, ambitious, fickle; and a hack writer, a commercially successful novelist who can't for the life of him understand all this damned rot about Art. Neither has much reason to exist save as a foil for revealing Hannah's selfless love and (even more) Martin's unwavering devotion to the muses.

In part, Miss Boyle's novel is a victim of history: even if there were no other problems, it couldn't possibly withstand the ravages of time because we can't possibly, certainly not at this remove, take seriously these aspects of the aestheticism of the twenties. Even in the best of circumstances, it would be hard to view with terror and pity the embattled, lonely, heroic figure of Martin, pencil poised in hand, eyes misty and unseeing as he meditates upon a manuscript, between seizures of coughing. The figure Miss Boyle may at one time have imagined as an endearing one is only weak and craven – at best absurd, and as often a bit of a bounder. Moreover, if one can divine the quality of his verse (fortunately, no examples are provided) from that of his speech, the former was not worth saving (the notorious risk a novelist runs in constructing a character and calling him poet); and by the same yardstick, he couldn't have been much of a critic and editor. Flamboyant utterances – of the sort that only a romantic girl who is undeveloped in taste and weak in judgment though bursting with unarticulated sensibility can be impressed by – are put in his mouth, but nothing in the way of wit and grace; and though his natural style is one of high-flown, fake lyricism of the "Irish" sort, anything like true eloquence is in short supply. Try as we will to see him through Hannah's eyes and hear him through her ears, Martin keeps getting in the way with his perpetual whining self-pity, attitudinizing, poeticizing, when he isn't being simply abject as he swings between the two poles of his manner and character: begging and demanding. Nor does Hannah help, what with her own gasping and sighing and infinite forbearance.

That Miss Boyle then regarded all this as a tragic tale of blighted love and the absolute devotion of unalloyed spirit to high art is everywhere present in her own prose, which falters far too often into fancy decorativeness, oceanic sentimentality, period archness – belletrist mannerism of the gushier sort. What is finally interesting about *Year Before Last* isn't its achievement but its compounded failures – to locate and exploit its dramatic possibilities (or even to allow them to emerge with clarity and force); unscramble the disabling confusions between art and life, sodden, painful experience and its imaginative deliverance; discover a complex of attitudes to the material and a tone by which to render them palpable and significant – in short, precisely the literary and moral stringency Miss Boyle came to command, most notably when she returned to the period from the perspective of the present and made testimony of McAlmon's turbulence; and measured the distance between what she was and what she became.

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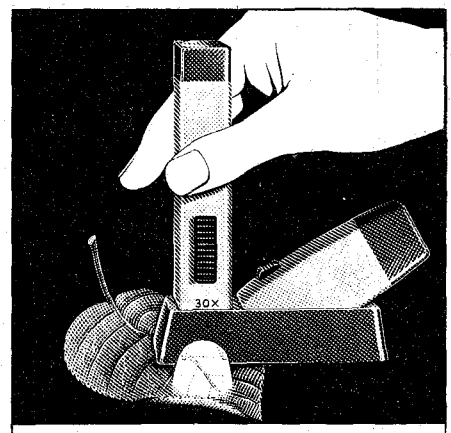

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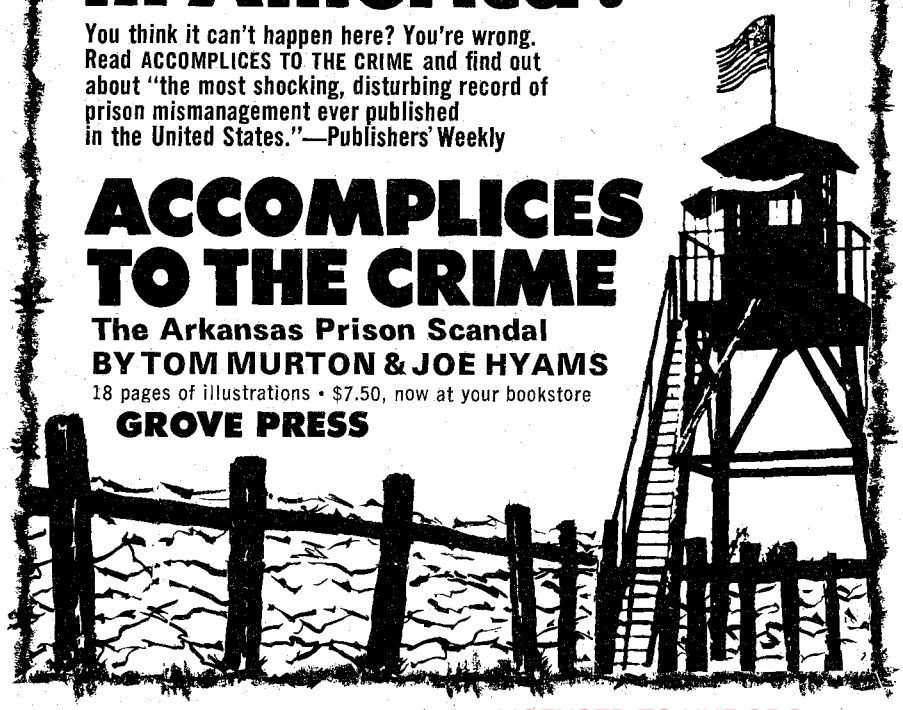

Correspondence

TV Objectivity

Sirs:

Perhaps more distressing than the "silent majority" letters we have been receiving, backing the stand of Vice President Spiro T. Agnew, is the article by Professor Bernard Hennessy in the December 13 *New Republic*. . . . I suspect that Professor Hennessy watches little television news. I *know* he does not watch ABC News, because it is clear he is ignorant of our practice of commentary – which conforms to his suggestion that "TV people . . . admit their biases, . . . take sides . . . editorialize vigorously and often." Each night one of our "ABC Evening News" anchormen, Howard K. Smith or Frank Reynolds, does deliver a personal commentary. That commentary is clearly labeled and is separated from the hard news portions of the program by a commercial and by a verbal introduction. A sign reading "Commentary" is on the screen throughout. . . .

ABC News commissioned Professor Irving E. Fang of the University of Minnesota School of Journalism and Mass Communication to organize a content analysis survey of the "ABC Evening News with Frank Reynolds and Howard K. Smith" and the "ABC Weekend News" from January 1, 1969.

Results through November 27 (the survey is continuing) give concrete refutation to the contentions of both Mr. Agnew and Professor Hennessy. Here are a few of them:

On coverage of the Nixon Administration, the survey found 12 hours, 39 minutes of news tending to support the Administration or which was likely to be pleasing to a supporter of the Administration and 10 hours, 18 minutes of news tending not to support the Administration or likely to be displeasing to a supporter of the Adminis-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM J. SMITH *is Consultant in Poetry at the Library of Congress.* SAUL MALOFF *is professor of English at Hunter College of the State University of New York.* JOHN MORRIS *teaches English at Washington University in St. Louis.* RUSSELL WARREN HOWE *is a veteran correspondent of the African scene; his latest book is* The African Revolution.

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tration. Neutral news totalled eight hours, 18 minutes. In the field of commentary, our "liberalized" anchormen – those "partisan, active participants" – supported the Administration for an hour, 24 minutes and criticized it for a total of 58 minutes.

On the Vietnam issue here in the United States, stories favorable to the Administration totalled two hours, six minutes, stories unfavorable totalled two hours, 24 minutes. There were 20½ minutes of commentary favorable to the Administration on Vietnam and 11 minutes of unfavorable commentary.

This balance was not sought in slavish obedience to the Federal Communications Commission's fairness and balance doctrine – it came about because of the personal dedication to objectivity which is part of the professional credo of any good journalist.

Elmer W. Lower
President, ABC News

Zoning

Sirs:

I suggest that the NAACP's drive to break up the large lot, exclusive zoning of the wealthy white suburbs is misdirected. Its aim ("Snob Zoning," *NR*, Dec. 20) is to make land available for housing to those who need it most, the black urban poor, in the places where both land and jobs are most plentiful – the suburbs.

The problem is that the route, through "smaller plots than the present one- and two-acre zoning, and . . . low density garden apartments" promises to be at best incredibly boring – repetitive and unimaginative; at worst it promises complicity in the environmental, social and aesthetic stupidity of the white ruling class. I live in one of the euphemistically termed "garden apartments" which have begun the invasion of once-rural Suffolk County. These slap-dash barracks will crumble after the army of imperialist construction companies has completed its destruction: defoliated the countryside, eliminated the wildlife, leveled and paved the hills for parking lots.

I suggest that new zoning laws and health and safety standards are needed to require practical, self-contained high-density (and high-quality) housing complexes, under some provision that the proportion of developed to undeveloped land be very low. Regenerate meaningfully the concept "town." Make mass, rapid transit practicable.

Eden Sarfaty
Port Jefferson, N.Y.

Blood-baths

Sirs:

Much has been said and written lately about the "blood-bath" that will presumably take place if, as we should and must, we leave Vietnam. About this some things should be said.

There was no talk about blood-bath when the French, with money and weapons supplied by us, were killing a million people in Algeria. There has been no talk about blood-bath in Biafra, where at least a million-and-a-half people have died in a war that we could have stopped, or that the UN could have stopped had we chosen to let them. There was no talk about blood-bath when in Indonesia not long ago three-quarters of a million people were murdered under the pretext that they were all Communists; indeed, some of our leading blood-bath weepers publicly boasted and rejoiced about our part in bringing about that particular massacre. There has been no regretful or contrite talk about the half-million or more people we have already killed in Vietnam, or any suggestion that we are not prepared to go on killing indefinitely in order to get what we want. Finally, and oddly enough, there has been no suggestion that our friends Ky and Thieu, who do not hesitate to jail, torture, and murder any who oppose them and their policies, might if they had the power conduct quite an impressive little blood-bath of their own.

There will certainly be some killing if and when we leave Vietnam. We can perhaps mitigate it by offering refuge – as we have done elsewhere – to all those who want to leave. But there will almost certainly be less killing if we leave than if we stay, and our opponents in this war are almost certain to be more just and merciful than the gang of thugs and murderers we are supporting.

John Holt
Boston, Mass.

Kauffmann, *from page 23*

full of sudden cut-offs, and he includes a song, sung by himself at the beginning – "Swing, Little Girl" – as Merna Kennedy dangles idly in a trapeze. In best kindness, let us say that the song is an echo of a bygone age. But then so is the courtliness with which he treats the girl he loves or the pickpocket from whom he's parting. So complete is the magic with which this chivalry envelops him that it gives him a physical magic: his winged collar is always neat and clean whether he is in a circus, an alley, the Alaskan gold rush, or sleeping by a roadside. To my knowledge, no one has ever objected to the impossibility of this haberdashery – nor do I: which is one more proof of the persuasion of genius. We *want* Chaplin to be as he is for our sakes, ducking with polite aplomb and clean collar the outstretched hand of the monster policeman of the universe. Hart Crane understood this; when he wrote "Chap-

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linesque," he spoke of Chaplin as "we":

> We will sidestep, and to the final smirk
> Dally the doom of that inevitable thumb
> That slowly chafes its puckered index toward us,
> Facing the dull squint with what innocence
> And what surprise!

Note. Grove Press has just published, at $7.50, Parker Tyler's *Underground Film: A Critical History*. This is incomparably the best comment so far on a field that has evoked some of the wildest critical balderdash in print. The structure of Tyler's book is somewhat patchy, and – inevitably – I disagree with some of his opinions; but his judgment shows both sympathy and rigor, and it benefits by his long study of both films and painting, the latter particularly helpful in this field. There are frequent flashes of memorable insight.

Here is Tyler at his (rightful) harshest:

> So long as Underground Film assumes that it can replace art with a sort of frustrated art or frustrated life (whichever one wants to call it), just so long will Underground filmmakers remain in the unique "aesthetic" position of drug addicts and lunatics – those who, recognizing all too well the dichotomy between reality and illusion, deliberately embrace illusion-as-reality, no matter how many practical embarrassments or formal contradictions this view may objectively entail.

But his overall purpose is purge and progress. He is much concerned with the difference between the avant-garde and the Underground, and he concludes:

> . . . the *historical duty* of the international avant-garde is to consider the poetic imagination in its keeping. It is because not all workers in Underground Film seem perfectly or thoroughly convinced of this that I have tried to demonstrate it to them while addressing this book primarily to the general film-going public with serious interests.

That public will profit by the book. There is a useful filmography; there ought to have been an index.

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Do you have a restless urge to write?

If so, you have much in common with successful authors. Read how the Famous Writers School is helping people turn a restless urge for self-expression into success in writing

By Bennett Cerf

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There's something different about people who feel the urge to write. They have a spiritual hunger that sets them apart. They may be successful businessmen, model housewives or loving grandparents... but that's not enough. They yearn for greater freedom, a more meaningful life, through self-expression.

Many successful writers know the same feelings

If you have known this burning need to write, you too may have the gift that successful authors possess. It is, all in all, that recurring ache to put into words the people you've known or the life you have lived, to share your proudest thoughts and experiences with other human beings.

The great author Sherwood Anderson abandoned a going business to write the stories welling up inside of him. Max Shulman, the humorist, says he started writing not so much because he wanted to but because he *had* to. In his own words: "Nothing else would serve; it was write or bust." Faith Baldwin, with all her literary fame, still says: "I've never written exactly what I dreamed I'd write... you keep on trying."

Successful authors like these know that anyone who shares this restless urge for self-expression has perhaps the most important ingredient of writing success. But they realize that it can waste away if you don't know how to get started writing... or if you hesitate to try for fear of failure.

A new kind of writing school

Several years ago, I joined forces with the other authors shown below to form the Famous Writers School. Our aim was to give today's beginning writer the expert help we ourselves would have welcomed when we were starting out. We poured all of our secrets of success into a set of specially created textbooks and writing assignments. Then we worked out a method for bringing to each student, in his own home, the many hours of individual instruction a developing writer needs.

When you return your assignment, one of the School's instructors—themselves all professional writers or editors—goes over your work line by line, word by word, blue-penciling his changes on your manuscript just as an editor does with an established author. Then he returns it with a long letter of advice and guidance on how to improve your writing.

Students breaking into print

A typical student comment reveals how persistent the desire to write can be no matter how long it is submerged or frustrated. "After two years of laying claim to nothing but wall-to-wall rejection slips," reports E. Zumwalt of Nogal, New Mexico, "I've sold a story. It was revised from one of your Writing School assignments and sold to a magazine for $250."

Doris Agee of San Mateo, California, recently sold a "Most Unforgettable Character" sketch to the *Reader's Digest*. She says: "There's no question about it—without the Famous Writers School, the article would never have been written."

Doris Stebbins of South Coventry, Conn., writes, "Your Course made it possible for me to sell six articles to *Woman's Day* for $2,050."

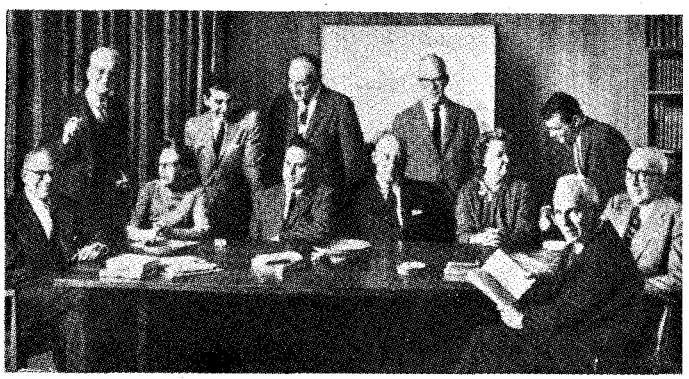
Bennett Cerf, the distinguished publisher, is also an author, columnist and television personality. He has been a member of the Guiding Faculty of the Famous Writers School since its founding in 1960. His most recent book is the well-known *Treasury of Atrocious Puns*.

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, Famous Writers students are discovering a still greater reward of writing professionally. As Faith Baldwin puts it: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being... makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart... you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

Writing Aptitude Test offered

To find other men and women with ability worth developing, my colleagues and I have devised a revealing Aptitude Test. The coupon will bring you a copy, along with a brochure describing the School.

When you return the Test, it will be graded without charge by a member of our staff. If you do well on the Test—or offer other evidence of writing aptitude—you may enroll for professional training. However, you are under no obligation to do so.



Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff. Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling. New members of the Guiding Faculty: Phyllis McGinley, Clifton Fadiman, Paul Engle.
Photo: Halsman

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